High Noon in Morocco

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Princess Margaret and the Press

"THE *Daily Mirror* . . . succeeded in plumbing hitherto unreached depths of self-importance, impertinence and plain bad manners . . . at the expense of someone who, by the nature of her position, cannot defend herself or answer back." So complained the *News Chronicle* last week-end, in an excess of righteous indignation over the press treatment of Princess Margaret's matrimonial prospects. "It is a pity that . . . a section of the popular press should . . . have forgotten its manners," adds the *Manchester Guardian*. And so, in broadly similar sense, pontificate a number of other dignified newspapers.

The British public holds Princess Margaret to be the most attractive, entertaining and human of the royal figures. Her popularity is more genuinely felt than the formal measure of loyal affection which the average citizen normally accords to royal personages. Her affairs are therefore news. Press interest in her reported intention to marry a very presentable young man, who is outside the established slate of royal bridegrooms—and who has even, perish the thought, been previously married—is thus perfectly natural. It is in part the product of the affection which Margaret has inspired by her own pleasant personality. In part, it is a reflection of the fact that a royal marriage can never be an entirely private affair. Newspapers, indeed, which now demand most clamantly that Princess Margaret should be accorded privacy are, in effect, the spokesmen for those who are most busily seeking to deny the essential privacy of her choice.

The realities of this controversy are plain enough. Princess Margaret's chances of succession to the Throne are very remote; and no sort of damage is done to anybody if she chooses to renounce them completely. There is therefore no reason why she should not marry as she will—least of all since the young man with whom she is in love is himself beyond reproach. Yet, as every newspaper editor knows, the most determined efforts have been made over the last year to frustrate her purpose. The Archbishop of Canterbury—busy as ever behind the scenes—most of the older and stuffier Court officials and some of the most authoritative family advice have all combined in an attempt to make Margaret abandon her choice and to silence, as far as possible, public comment and discussion. Why? Because the young man concerned has committed two offences: he was born a member of the middle-class and he divorced a wife who had deserted him. This attitude by officialdom makes nonsense of the claim that the Princess's marriage is a private matter. It also strikes the overwhelming majority of the public as being a piece of archaic humbug.

This is the background against which the popular press has told the story and speculated about its ending. What has been the result? The public, as a whole, thoroughly understands the facts and the issues involved in them. It has been given the chance to show Princess Margaret that, if she cares to renounce her succession and marry the man of her choice, even against the advice of the Archbishop of Canterbury and without the formal public approval of her sister, she will have the good wishes and congratulations of all but a negligible minority.

To inform the public and help to formulate a well-based public opinion is the legitimate function of a free press: and those who cavil at its vulgar frankness are, in effect, seeking to deprive the public of an essential democratic right. Does there then remain anything of substance in the charge of bad manners? The *Daily Mirror* is no doubt less conventionally good mannered than the *Manchester Guardian*: so, obviously, are its readers. We imagine Princess Margaret understands perfectly well that the *Mirror* speaks—and in their own idiom—for millions of her most affectionate well-wishers. And, of course, that it says openly only what the readers of the *News Chronicle* and the *Manchester Guardian* whisper behind their hands.

The News in Review

At Home

For the first time since 1951, the Government and the unions seem to be moving towards open conflict. Almost all the T.U.C. delegates who will meet at Southport next week-end represent unions which have just made or are about to make new wage demands; even the moderate general unions have joined the engineers, miners, railwaymen and shop workers, and the smaller organisations will not lag behind the big six. At the same time, there has been an inspired campaign in the financial press against such "inflationary" claims, coupled with suggestions that wages can only be brought under control, as the *Financial Times* put it, by a change in the economic climate. This means, in fact, a deliberate attempt to create unemployment, a course foreseen by both the *Observer* and the *Economist*.

The T.U.C. is bound to reject this line of argument. Even though the moderates on the General Council may urge restraint in the national interest, the union leaders cannot persuade their rank-and-file to sit quietly by while prices—and production—rise, and while the stock market continues to offer untaxed capital gains. Government spokesmen have cried "dollar gap" and "inflation" too often for the alarm to sound convincing now. The present crisis is indeed serious, but it was inevitable once the "dash for freedom" began. In a free economy, the unions can do nothing but revert to their traditional role, or lose control of their members. Unless the Government is prepared to change its course, it must prepare for industrial trouble. And the responsibility will rest, not with the unions, but with the "doctrinaires of the Right."

The present discussion about shop opening hours has been provoked by reports that the Government is considering a new Shops Act, which would bring the hard-won legislation about shop hours and conditions into line with modern conditions. Any change from custom, of course, is bound to cause controversy. Yet the Shop & Distributive Workers union is right in arguing that the five-day week must come in trade just as it has come in industry, and that recruitment of good quality labour is becoming increasingly difficult when factory employment offers better pay and shorter hours to young and female workers. If the five-day week is introduced, however, shops must either close for two days or begin to put their employees on a shift system. And once the shift system is accepted, the logical step, and one the public would welcome, is to extend opening hours—a course to which there would be no objection so long as each assistant is limited to a reasonable working week. Something like this already happens in some large stores, but the real difficulty is the small trader, employing one or two assistants, for whom such a change might well mean the employment of an additional and uneconomic employee. This argument only emphasises that present regulations about hours and conditions help to shore up a distributive structure that is wasteful and, thanks to price maintenance, inadequately competitive.

The annual Report of the Commissioners of Prisons, published last week-end [*Cmd.* 9547], is reasonably encouraging in the two most vital pieces of information it presents. The prison population is falling—it is now lower than it has been since 1950—and there are signs, not yet conclusive, that last October's pay increase may at last have turned the tide of staff depletion. In spite of this hope, however, the Commissioners are constrained to write that the situation at the end of 1954 was "serious and discouraging . . . in the position of being barely able to meet our most pressing needs." Despite the fall in the prison population, there were still at the beginning of this year 3,200 men sleeping three to a cell in local prisons. It is difficult to reflect on this humane and sensible Report without concluding that an increased rate of new prison building is perhaps the most urgent need of all. Not only is remedial treatment gravely hampered by shortage of accommodation, but recruitment to the prison staff is handicapped to an incalculable (but obviously considerable) extent by the bad working conditions which still prevail in very many prisons. Voting money for the prison service is apt to be unpopular among both M.P.s and their constituents; but the Home Office could do a real service by a renewed campaign to popularise the creative work which the Commissioners are attempting.

Overseas

The British correspondents who reported events in Goa last week can be divided into two classes. Some were skilfully captured by the Portuguese authorities; others, including the correspondent of Reuters and Mr. Philip Deane of the *Observer*, escaped to investigate for themselves. Mr. Deane, who has been generally a hostile critic of Delhi, reported that, after much inquiry, he could find no one in Goa, except Portuguese officials and a few of the well-to-do, who was not in favour of merging Goa in India. This confirms our own first-hand information and underlines the shocking irresponsibility of some daily newspaper reporting. Letters even appear in the press here suggesting that Mr. Nehru is responsible for the blood that was shed, whereas, in fact, he is running very serious political risks in refusing the demand to go in and take Goa, which is urged by the Communists and the Socialists, as well as by many Hindu Nationalists. The effect of these hostile criticisms has been to incense some of the best known and usually pro-British Indian newspapers, as well as to make responsible people in Delhi ask whether the British can really be foolish enough to wish to undermine Mr. Nehru's position in India. For the first time the Communists in India have found a popular stick with which to beat the Premier. India's stability and freedom from Communism has rested entirely on the knowledge that Mr. Nehru stands for India's national independence and freedom from Western dictation. One wonders whether the *Daily Express*, for instance, wishes to give Nehru's enemies the chance of saying that he is in collusion with the Catholic Western imperialist group which is trying to keep Goa as an outpost of Nato. Only extreme ignorance of the Indian situation can explain a line of propaganda which seems designed to enable Indian Communists (who have a wretched record on any count) to claim that they, and not Nehru, are the champions of Indian nationalism.

The new Chief Minister of Malaya has indicated that there may be a broad amnesty offer to the Communist rebels. The guerillas would be given the opportunity of returning to civil life together with the right to join existing political parties. But the Malayan Communist Party would remain proscribed. The Communist leaders may accept the new proposal as a basis for discussion. Last June they themselves made an offer to negotiate but it envisaged the continued existence of the Communist Party. It still seems improbable that the Malayan Communists will accept dissolution as the price for ending their insurrection. But there is just a chance that they may do so because on whatever terms they re-enter political life the Communists will remain a formidable political force in the country. Much will depend on how far Peking is prepared to go in order to get the "area of peace" in South East Asia made into a reality. In any case the coming amnesty offer will be a move in the right direction, which will increase the possibility of a political settlement with Chinese-led Communism in Malaya. In the long run that settlement can only come by agreement and with the backing and approval of the Chinese Communist leaders in Peking.

The mutiny of army units in the Southern Sudan seems to have collapsed. It broke out only four days after the Sudan Parliament had voted to take the final steps towards self-determination. The largely tribal peoples of the South Sudan fear that independence will mean domination by the more numerous and advanced Moslem Northerners. Lack of trained Southerners makes it hard for the Sudanese Government to avoid appointing Northerners as administrators in the South. And Egypt, through its radio and other agencies, has undoubtedly been fomenting Southern resentment against the North, in very passable imitation of older imperialist techniques. But neither practical difficulties nor Egyptian manœuvres can obscure the fact that real and justified fears and grievances are very much alive among the Southern Sudanese tribesmen. The solution at which the predominantly northern Sudanese government must clearly aim is some form of local autonomy for the South.

President Eisenhower's decision to increase the tariff on imported bicycles is less important economically than as an act of principle. It follows the similar action against Swiss watches, also taken because U.S. manufacturers were being outsold on both price and quality. Naturally, European exporters have seized on these tariff increases as proof that the U.S. will encourage "self-help" only when European products are non-competitive, and that success in a dollar market merely invites a business lobby to seek the protection of the White House. From this point of view, the President's action is timid and unfortunate, not least because it makes U.S. support for non-discriminatory trade seem hypocritical. At the same time, it would be easy to exaggerate the effect of the increase. Imported bicycles took two-fifths of the U.S. market last year, and did so less because they were cheap than because they were well designed and built. If the retail price of a British bicycle is not raised by more than about eight to ten shillings, it is unlikely to encounter really serious sales difficulties. In terms of American prices, an increase of this order is not likely to deter the adolescent who wants the novelty of riding a cycle made in Birmingham rather than Detroit.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Kenya

The Vasey Plan

Our Kenya Correspondent writes: Many miles from the Palais des Nations, a far-seeing man in a relatively modest building in Nairobi is planning another "Geneva." The building is the gold-and-pink home of Kenya's treasury; and the man is the Colony's Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. E. A. Vasey. In between levying new and ingenious taxes, he dreams that Kenya's thorny constitutional problems may be resolved by talks at the summit.

Behind Mr. Vasey's proposal for an early inter-racial conference probably lies the realisation, born of numerous overseas visits during the Emergency, that political instability within the Colony is no attraction to outside investors. Political peace is essential if the country is to make the necessary economic recovery from the ravages of Mau Mau; and the leaders of the main racial groups must, therefore, come together.

The idea, therefore, is to evolve, if possible, a ten-year constitutional plan agreeable to all races, with, if necessary, the interim stages well defined in terms of time and scope. The Constitution would be the only item on the agenda; and nothing would be discussed at the projected talks beyond the composition of the two sides of the Legislative Council. With the constitutional wrangle out of the way, the Colony would then have the deck clear for tackling the many political, economic and social reforms which consideration of the Royal Commission Report must soon involve.

The African reaction on the whole is favourable, although Mr. Eliud Mathu, Leader of the African Legislative Councillors, has expressed reluctance to binding his community to a programme for so far ahead as ten years. He has suggested a constitutional advance every two years; but this is generally regarded in other quarters as impracticable. Two years, it is pointed out, is not even the life of the Council.

European reaction is very mixed. One section is obviously opposed to the idea altogether; another greets it smilingly as an unmistakable sign of the failure of the Lyttelton Plan; and yet another, embracing people like Mr. Michael Blundell, gives it a guarded welcome, placing greater faith in behind-the-scenes negotiations than in a full-scale conference among the races.

Asians alone are backing the proposal without division or reservation; although during the actual negotiations, they are likely to insist most strongly that any constitutional advances conceded to the Africans should be made at the joint and equal expense of the non-African races as a whole, and not at the cost of the Asians alone.

To be sure, the hurdles are formidable. How many spokesmen, for instance, would the deeply divided European community send to the conference? Mr. Vasey envisages representation by race, and not by every political group in each race. But what European leader could today undertake to speak for all his people? And similar difficulties are also likely to emerge in the case of the Africans.

Mr. Vasey's solution is that only the *willing* leaders from all the races should participate in the talks. This, he believes, ought to be a conference of the moderates of all the groups. But, if that is so, how would the decisions of such a conference be made binding on the Colony's peoples as a whole?

Other factors, not directly connected with the conference, may equally affect its fate. The most potent of these will most certainly be the outcome of the Coutts inquiry into methods of African representation. All African leaders and organisations—even the purely tribal ones—have staked a unanimous claim for the right to vote directly on a universal franchise; but it is well known in informed circles here that the claim is not going to be met. Mr. Coutts is far likelier to recommend a limited franchise governed by a "points" system entailing a multiple vote. African reaction to such a proposal could hardly be entirely favourable; it might easily engender an unco-operative attitude to any new discussions on constitutional matters.

New York

Force of Habit

Our New York Correspondent writes: Although the easing of the cold war has brought with it a welcome relaxation of the attack on civil rights—passports have been issued, prosecutions have been dropped—the witch hunt trails on. Ten-year habits are not going to be changed overnight. The latest charade has been the New York hearings on Communist influence in the entertainment industries. Conducted by Representative Francis E. Walter, the hearing appeared to be a relatively feeble effort to capture the headlines. The recalcitrance of a succession of actors and actresses in the face of attempts to investigate their political beliefs and associations was duly reported in the newspapers and on radio and TV, but without any of the hysteria of McCarthy's heyday. Nobody but the fanatics could see what this inquiry could possibly achieve. There was scarcely any pretence that legislation was under consideration. If Walter and his counsel, Frank Tavenner, were hoping to smear a number of performers and so deny them employment, they may have had some success. As one of the victims pointed out, this is the time of year when casting for the autumn season takes place. But a number of those hauled before the sub-committee have been suffering from the blacklist for several years; at least, this makes them punishment-proof now.

Meanwhile, the Ford Foundation's Fund for the Republic has published a study of what happens when employees face charges involving loyalty under the Government's personnel security programme. Although it made no recommendations or evaluations, its citations of individual cases stand as an indictment of the procedures followed. Among the charges made against one employee was that "Communist art" hung on the walls of his home. It turned out that the paintings were works by Picasso, Matisse, Renoir, among others. In another case where a man and wife had been jointly charged, the principal accusation against the wife was that she had "continued a sympathetic association" with her husband! The study showed that the charges often include factors that only remotely, or not at all, involve national security. It alluded to lack of experience and judgment of security officers in evaluating information, incompetent or inexperienced hearing boards and inadequate legal representation of the accused. Under a Humphrey-Lehman resolution, a Senate committee is about to investigate these matters. Whether *any* sort of loyalty programme can safeguard the rights of the individual is the question which remains to be answered.

Singapore

Making Progress

Our Correspondent in South-East Asia writes: Singapore's constitutional crisis started when David Marshall and his Labour Front Government threatened to resign unless the Governor, Sir Robert Black, agreed to accept the Chief Minister's advice on all routine matters. Faced with the alternative of suspending the Constitution, the Secretary of State for the Colonies, Mr. Lennox-Boyd, wisely gave way. In future the Governor will have no powers of discretion, and Singapore will be ruled by a Council of Ministers, of which the Governor is President. The Chief Secretary, the Financial Secretary and the Attorney-General are members, but they can do no more than argue, and then share the collective responsibility for all decisions taken.

Withdrawal of the Governor's discretionary powers is indeed a notable victory for Mr. Marshall, and he is entitled to claim the beginning of a new political era for the Colony. But I think it was most unfortunate that Mr. Marshall should have been so insistent, at the Assembly where the good news was revealed, in demanding that everyone should immediately join with him in thanking the Secretary of State. There was, in the Secretary of State's reply, a further paragraph which dealt with the Assembly's earlier request for self-government. And unqualified pleasure at the abolition of the Governor's discretionary powers could also have meant acceptance of the Secretary of State's invitation for a representative delegation to come to London "at a suitable date . . . to consider the situation in the light of a year's working of the Constitution." Not quite sure whether they liked this, the three Opposition parties asked for a 24-hour adjournment to think about it, and to consult with their party officials.

Mr. Marshall and his friends seemed to think this was (a) churlish of the Opposition ("you don't need time to say thank you"), and (b) a complete negation of democracy. Why should Assemblymen ask for time to consult with party officials? Mr. Thomas, Minister of Works, aware that the Labour Front has no parties of its own to consult, hinted at most sinister motives which were, he said, behind Mr. Lee Kuan Yew's desire to consult with his colleagues of the People's Action Party, a very live political party some 8,000 strong. Mr. Marshall refused any delay. In protest against what they described as the Chief Minister's "high-handed action and dictatorial manner," the whole of the Opposition walked out, leaving the Labour Front Government warmly to thank the Secretary of State for his kindness in making, under pressure, a step which should have been taken long ago. Of course, the Opposition would have joined in this message of thanks, but for the invitation to London. What the P.A.P. would have liked to do, had they only been given time, was to suggest a form of words which could have been appreciative while reiterating the Assembly's unaltered demand for self-government now.

Lennox-Boyd generally made a good impression in Singapore, and his breezy charm will also go down well in the Federation. But few of the local politicians who are clamouring for self-government in Singapore were greatly impressed by his warning that just as quickly as Singapore became a great trading city just as quickly could it disappear. Nationalists are not easily put aside even with logical economic arguments.

High Noon in Morocco

Last week-end, hundreds of people were killed in Morocco. It is rarely possible to trace the political responsibility for acts of mob violence. But in this case these deaths can fairly be described as a direct consequence of the cowardice, rottenness and criminal folly of the French Government. A chance, perhaps the last, of re-establishing Franco-Moroccan relations on a basis of friendship and law has been deliberately thrown away. The story of how this happened casts a harsh and pitiless light on the political morality of the Fourth Republic.

The central fact of the Moroccan problem is the deposition, on August 20, 1953, of the rightful Sultan, Ben Youssef, by a conspiracy of French businessmen and tribal chieftains, organised by Marshal Juin. A Quai d'Orsay document, signed by M. Bidault (then Foreign Minister), and published last week by *L'Express*, shows conclusively that the Laniel Government formally opposed Ben Youssef's deposition and considered his successor, Ben Arafa, as illegitimate. Nevertheless, under pressure from the powerful Moroccan lobby, M. Bidault was forced to accept the *fait accompli*, which he has since, for reasons of personal prestige, fanatically defended. The Laniel Government and its successors thus found themselves committed to Ben Arafa's legitimacy.

It soon became clear, however, that no solution in Morocco was possible so long as Ben Arafa remained on the throne: administrative reforms, drawn up by M. Lacoste, the Resident-General, earlier this year, had to be withdrawn simply because Ben Arafa lacked the authority to apply them. Meanwhile, the return of Ben Youssef became the rallying-point of Moroccan nationalism. One by one, Ben Arafa's supporters crossed to the nationalist camp. The forty *oulemas*, who composed the electoral college which proclaimed his accession, recanted, thus removing his last claim to legitimacy. Terrorism multiplied, and by this March the total of victims passed the 2,000-mark. Counter-terrorism, organised by the Casablanca police, gradually replaced the Administration in Rabat as the effective means of government; and its victims were not Arab terrorists but the small number of French liberals who supported a compromise. In April, the murder of M. Lemaigre-Dubreuil shocked public opinion and stirred the Government into tardy action. In July, therefore, M. Faure decided that the time was ripe for a policy of cautious liberalism in Morocco. M. Lacoste was replaced by a determined and incorruptible civil servant, M. Grandval, who was told to carry out a rapid investigation of Moroccan opinion and to present a definite plan of action to the Cabinet; and M. Faure persuaded his Ministers that the crucial decision should be taken before August 20, the anniversary of the *coup d'état*.

M. Grandval's report was unambiguous: a solution was impossible so long as Ben Arafa remained on the throne. The nationalist parties, he said, did not insist on the immediate return of Ben Youssef: they were adamant, however, that Ben Arafa should be replaced by a Council of Regency before they would be prepared to discuss the formation of a Moroccan government and the application of political reforms. The first priority in M. Grandval's plan was therefore the removal of Ben Arafa. M. Faure was in entire agreement with M. Grandval's conclusions, and by the beginning of August it looked as though he would be able to carry his Cabinet with him. The European riots in Casablanca on July 14 had given M. Grandval an opportunity, which he gratefully seized, to smash the representatives of the lobby in the Moroccan police and administration. Official disclosures that the Casablanca police had deliberately refused to protect the person of France's representative had mobilised public opinion at home, had swung over most of the French press and had strengthened the progressive wing in the Cabinet. Moreover, in private conversation, M. Grandval had persuaded Ben Arafa to agree to abdicate, and it was known that El Glaoui, his principal remaining supporter, was wavering. On August 3, therefore, the Right-wing Ministers in the Cabinet agreed, in principle, to the creation of a Council of Regency, and the next day M. Faure felt strong enough to face Right-wing back-benchers at a private meeting and insist that the Government remain free to make decisions during the Parliamentary recess.

At this point, the lobby made its last, desperate, and, as it turned out, successful effort. The key to the problem was El Glaoui, because if he accepted M. Grandval's plan, there could no longer be any question of maintaining Ben Arafa. But fortunately for the lobby, El Glaoui was not a free agent. For some years, his suzerainty over the Berber tribes has been purely nominal and by the beginning of August he had even lost control over his own capital, Marrakech. His income from tribal sources had thus dwindled to a trickle and he was now financially dependent on his holdings in the Omnium Nord Africain, the biggest mining and transport trust in Morocco. On August 1, representatives of the trust, which stands to lose heavily if Ben Youssef returns, saw El Glaoui in Marrakech. They brought a letter, written in Paris, announcing El Glaoui's opposition to the project for a Council of Regency. Under pressure, El Glaoui signed the letter, which was published on August 4. A second letter, containing a deliberately misleading account of M. Grandval's project, was sent to the Minister of Defence, General Koenig.

When the Cabinet met on August 6 to give a final decision on the Grandval plan, the storm broke. The Right-wing Ministers, urged on by their supporters, withdrew their approval of the Council of Regency. General Koenig, believing he was in possession of secret information, accused M. Faure of deception and demanded M. Grandval's resignation. The M.R.P. Ministers first stood by M. Faure, but at the insistance of M. Bidault (*S'ils enlèvent mon Arafa, je renverserai le gouvernement*), they swung over to the Right. By now, M. Faure was prepared to throw in his hand; but M. Grandval calmly told him that if his plan were scrapped he would not only resign but would lay the full facts of the case before the French public. After an entire day of bitter discussions, the Cabinet broke up without reaching a decision.

Then came the moment of betrayal. It was now clear to M. Faure that if he stood by M. Grandval's original plan at least four of his Ministers would resign; the Right-wing groups would then insist on the Assembly's recall and the Government would be overthrown. On Monday, August 8, therefore, he invited M. Grandval to a secret conference in the South of France; also present were Koenig and M. July, the Minister for Moroccan Affairs. After a discussion lasting seven hours M. Grandval agreed to a compromise: Ben Arafa was to remain on the throne provided he proved capable of forming a representative Moroccan Government which could carry out a programme of reforms. M. Grandval flew back to Rabat, carrying with him two documents: a summary of the proposed reforms, and a list of Moroccan personalities of all parties, from which Ben Arafa was to select twelve Ministers. On Sunday, August 14, M. Grandval told Ben Arafa: "You have exactly four days to form a government."

The compromise, however, was not in fact an alternative to the Grandval plan—the only real alternative was systematic repression. It was simply a grotesque attempt, on M. Faure's part, to prove to the Right-wing members of his Cabinet that Ben Arafa's isolation prevented him from discharging the duties as a Head of State, and that his removal was therefore essential. As such, it succeeded only too well. Within an hour of the publication of the new plan, all the nationalist groups had announced their unwillingness to serve under Ben Arafa. During the next four days, the wretched Sultan summoned over 200 Moroccan leaders to his palace. Most of them even refused to attend. The rest declined his offers contemptuously and immediately communicated their decision to the press. By the end of last week it was clear that Ben Arafa was unable to form either a representative government or any government at all. On Saturday, the Right-wing Ministers finally agreed to enter into direct negotiations with the nationalists.

But a precious week had been lost; the lobby had achieved its aim. The morning of August 20 had arrived and Ben Arafa was still on the throne. During the previous six weeks, M. Grandval had succeeded in winning the confidence of the nationalist leaders; convinced that he sincerely desired a solution, they had imposed the severest discipline on their followers. But last Saturday, their slender control over the nationalist rank-and-file broke down. Despite their efforts, 100 people died in riots in Casablanca. Worse still, the mountain tribes, who had hitherto played no part in the Nationalist movement, rose in revolt. The result: hundreds killed, including 90 Europeans. The vicious spiral of revolt and repression sprang up again. As if this were not bad enough, it now appears that a further complication has arisen. M. Faure's latest solution is to replace Ben Arafa with his centenarian Grand Vizier. But M. Grandval, refusing to be identified with another plan which has now no chance of being acceptable to nationalist opinion, is reported to have handed in his resignation—though, as I write, this has not yet been accepted.

Thus Morocco has taken yet a further step forward into anarchy. Whatever the results of the new negotiations, it will prove difficult, perhaps impossible, to re-establish the climate of confidence so patiently created by M. Grandval. The opportunity has passed. A handful of interested individuals has held up the French State to ransom and revealed, for all the world to see, the frail machinery of French government and the sordid forces which exploit it. "*Cela dépeint le régime*", was the sad comment of *Le Monde*; "France has lost a little more of her prestige as a liberal nation, a little more of her reputation as an intelligent people, a little more of her standing as a great Power. . . "

Paris. PAUL JOHNSON

NEXT WEEK

The New St. Paul's

J. M. RICHARDS

Edinburgh Festival

T. C. WORSLEY &
DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

The Atomic Prospect

BOTH the threat of atomic energy and its promise have a special force for Western Europe, and specifically for Great Britain. No one can be in doubt that atomic weapons would wreck the basis of life here. For Western Europe is organised round a few compact centres of industry and population, such as the Ruhr, Belgium and industrial London. A manageable hydrogen bomb exploded over London would, in the face of all precautions, kill at least a million people; and its blast alone would damage beyond repair every building from Hounslow in the west to Woolwich in the east, and from Barnet in the north to Croydon in the south—half the area of Greater London. It has become fashionable in the last year to enlarge on the danger of radiation from atomic explosions, and to be preoccupied with the heritable damage which it may do to posterity. But the danger to the dense industrial nexus of Western Europe is more forthright and fatal, and I am sorry that it is being pushed into the background. I have no doubt that a single hydrogen bomb over Milan, Birmingham or Cologne would kill the organised life of the city as instantly and for as long as I saw the life of Hiroshima and Nagasaki killed in 1945.

This summarises the threat of atomic energy to European industry, and although it is not often talked about, it is of course present in all our minds. And this is one reason why to Europe, and to Britain in particular, the proper use of atomic energy is an issue of life and death, as it is not either for America or for Russia: because its abuse means the death of Europe. There is, however, a second reason, which is as important and which fewer people have grasped. The proper use of atomic energy is an issue of life and death to Europe, and particularly to Britain, because without it we shall bumble into industrial atrophy.

A man's productivity anywhere in the industrial world today depends not on his muscle but on the machine power which he commands. The average worker in industry in the United States has at his disposal nearly three times as many horse-power as he has in Britain. This is the cumulative result of a yearly increase in horse-power per man which, between the wars, ran twice as high in America as in Britain. The unequal rise in horse-power has caused an unequal rise in productivity: throughout this century, output per man in the United States has been rising nearly twice as fast as here, at over 3 per cent. a year there against something under or near 2 per cent. a year here. Accumulating for more than fifty years at compound interest, this has now made American output per man nearly three times as high as ours; and the rest of Europe lags behind us.

These comparisons can be taken deeper, and productivity in each country at any time can be related to the energy used as motive power by each industrial worker: for example, American industry uses two and a half to three times as much electric current per man as we do. There is, however, no need to insist on detailed industrial data for these comparisons. It will do almost as well to use a simpler index of mechanisation, such as the average consumption of electricity by each inhabitant in the country. This keeps step with the horse-power available and the current used in industry, because the whole standard of living of the country keeps step with these. (For example, half of British electricity in any year goes to industry, including the iron and steel industries, and half goes elsewhere.)

I can therefore throw into relief the looming crisis in British and European productivity by quoting the simplest of figures. In the United States, electricity consumption per head now exceeds 2,600 kWh a year. In Great Britain it is about 1,100 kWh a year. Over much of the Continent it lingers somewhere over 500 kWh. The United States plan by 1975 to multiply their consumption three and a half times. This is roughly the rate at which we used to multiply our electricity generation in the past: we used to double it every ten years.

But we have no prospect of keeping up this rate with conventional fuels, coal or oil. The first half of 1954 was unusually good in British industry: industrial output rose at a rate of 7 per cent. per year. At once the coal used in power stations went up by three million tons, to a new record of nearly forty million tons for the year. The cut in coal exports, the rapid increase in oil firing, and this year's plans for atomic power are all the results of this breathless and unstable balance.

We need, all Europe needs, steadily to increase industrial output at the American rate of 3 per cent. a year and better. And in the years since the war, the British and European rates have often been better than this. But now the rate of increase is held back by the inflexibility of the coal supply throughout Europe and indeed the world. It has never been easy to expand the working of coal; the world output has only risen from 1,300 million tons in 1920 to 1,600 million tons now. Coal used per head in the same time has not risen at all. What has made possible in the past the rise in industrial productivity has been the increased efficiency in the use of coal, from a European average of about 15 per cent. in 1920 to about 25 per cent. now. We cannot hope to get much more from this source.

Britain in particular is therefore at a point at which her productivity, and with it her industrial survival, depends critically on adding to her sources of power. It is usual to say that these sources must also be cheap, and there was therefore until recently a great wagging of heads and fingers over the likely cost of atomic power. It happens, as could have been foreseen, that this is neither much more nor much less than the cost of power from coal and oil; but in any case, the price of industrial power was always irrelevant For a rough computation shows that all the fuel energy, in electricity, in steam, and in transport, which goes into the making of manufactured goods, totals only about 4 per cent. of their cost. Industrial power, although critical, is cheap. It would be a tragedy to fail as an industrial nation for these few critical per cent.

I have given these figures at length because I believe them to mean as much to us, poised between the huge resources of America and of Russia, as any figures of damage and casualties from atomic weapons. Unhappily, we have done little to educate the public in their meaning. All this was foreseeable at the end of the war; it was foreseen by atomic scientists. While Ministers talked about atomic weapons, they saw our real needs, and planned their peaceful research intelligently to meet them in time. As a result, we have the world's largest trade in radioactive isotopes; we have the most advanced programme for the commercial generation of electricity from atomic piles; and at Geneva, we have shown ourselves the most practical of scientists in assessing and developing atomic power. Of course we have; our life depends on it.

This is the crux of the proposals, accepted and published in a White Paper in February, to build 12 atomic power stations by 1965. In the perspective of our total needs, these proposals are still modest. In capacity, in cost, in the 5 or 6 million tons of coal a year saved, they are less than a quarter of the total by which the Central Electricity Authority must increase its load before 1965. But the programme is a growing one; indeed, it has already been increased by about 20 per cent. since it was published. In the following ten years, by 1975, atomic power stations will come to take over the whole expansion of the Central Electricity Authority. These are both bolder and more realistic plans than any other nation has.

Alas, the public, staggering from a headline about the balance of payments to another about atomic secrets, is unaware of the revolution which its scientists have been working. Asked by the Gallup Poll on what the Government ought to spend its money, it has just placed atomic energy last but one. But is the public any more ignorant than the Ministries? For ten years now, scientists who have foreseen the coming need for atomic engineering have pressed for a new kind of education in technology. They have still not got what they asked for, a single university which treats applied science as a fundamental study.

This education in a new science, practical but deep, is not a side issue. For it has a bearing beyond the home programme, on the British contribution to European and world development. The coming of atomic energy has often been described as a second Industrial Revolution, as profound as the spread of steam after 1770. It is so; but, more important, it is also a second technical revolution. The Boulton and Watt steam engine, with Wilkinson's cylinders for it, implied and brought in its train a revolution in the standards of mechanical engineering. This engineering accuracy and skill gave Britain her command of industry in the 19th century throughout the world.

The working of atomic plants depends on a second technical revolution: the achievement of unheard-of standards of chemical purity. From the mining of crude uranium oxide, present perhaps only as 100 parts in a million of the ore, to the final machining and assembly of the aluminium-encased slugs in a graphite-moderated pile where all the metals must be free from impurities to one part in a million, and later to the extraction of plutonium from the slugs—all this makes a sequence of expensive and recondite industrial operations which few countries can undertake.

There is about to grow up a new precision industry of atomic engineering which has a special importance for Britain, which is now a country poor in modern raw materials. For like the Swiss manufacture of watches and calculating machines, atomic engineering adds an exceptionally high labour value to the materials which it processes. The most marketable commodity in the world is about to be the engineering skill and the high chemical accuracy which are needed to assemble atomic plant.

In the next thirty years, the many countries which lack local resources of energy will import atomic piles to make it. The deserts of the Near East, of Australia and South America will look for power to irrigate them; the mining and refining industries of Africa and Asia will be transformed when they get unlimited electric current.

Great Britain is building her own piles now in order to live as an industrial exporter. But her principal export and investment may become the atomic pile itself, in building which she can do as much to re-make the world in this century as her building of ships and railways did in the last.

J. BRONOWSKI

London Diary

SUPERIOR letters trouncing the British public for its shocking carelessness with litter appear during every holiday season. Protests avail nothing. Statistics tell us just how many tons of cigarette cartons, half-chewed sandwiches, chocolate wrappers, and banana skins are to be found in Hyde Park, or at the top of the Downs, or on Brighton Pier. And yet the canker grows. Surely, it is not beyond the limits of human experience and intelligence to know that we here confront one of those cases in which everyone would be good if only a little coercion were used to stop the few being naughty? If you arrive for your picnic at a spot where someone has already discarded orange peel and sheets of dirty newspaper, your own conscience is quiet when you add your quota of a beer bottle and a sardine tin. If it were known to be an offence which would actually be enforced in the case of recalcitrance, then a new habit would begin of using litter bins or (as all good children are taught) of burying your litter. Therefore, once again, I insist that, instead of preaching sermons, all local authorities with beauty spots, foreshores, and popular resorts under their charge, should appoint special litter men, identifiable by cap, badge or arm band, whose duty it would be politely to instruct litter spreaders to pick up and consume their own litter, arming them, at the same time, with the authority to demand the name and address of any who refuse, with a view, in the last resort, to a police summons and an appearance before the local Bench. I suspect that a very few fines (which would involve spoiling one's holiday by having to spend a morning in the police court), would be sufficient to begin tidier habits. Such a campaign should, of course, be accompanied by a great deal of moral exhortation from the B.B.C.

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When I was in the Far East some months ago, I was lucky enough to have a glimpse of Chinese opera and of the two classical forms of Japanese drama, the Kabuki and the No-Play. The English notion of Chinese opera comes from *Lady Precious Stream*, which was a very popular success here in the thirties. Many Chinese criticised it as misleading, Westernised, even vulgarised. Nevertheless, it correctly conveyed some of the conventions that you can still see splendidly observed on the Peking stage. The Japanese Kabuki, I am glad to see, is coming here. It is an even more gorgeous business than its Chinese counterpart. With admirable timing, a book by A. C. Scott, called *The Kabuki Theatre of Japan* is published this week by Allen and Unwin. I shall be surprised if the Kabuki is not acclaimed here by the critics. But the drama that most fascinated me was the No-Play. It is acted often, if not always, by amateurs who learn by heart not only the words, but every precisely stylised movement and gesture. Behind the scenes I met some of the actors who seemed to be imbued with the kind of excitement that is always associated in my mind with amateur theatricals. Much of the fascination to me lay in its resemblance to Greek drama. Only two or three characters talk on the stage at the same time, as they did in the days of Sophocles. The chorus, which chants and accompanies itself with curious musical instruments, fulfils the part of the chorus in Greek drama. There are very few properties, and the story moves with extreme slowness. The gestures, movements and words of the actors are all known by the audience, who have probably seen the play many times before. They sit listening with an intensity which does not belong to any other theatre audience I have seen. Though I could not, of course, understand a word, and had nothing before me but a short synopsis of the plot, I wished I had the chance of watching it longer. I could have stayed the whole day.

* * *

Though the Koran allows a Muslim four wives (on the proviso that he loves them all equally) I don't expect to hear that the President of Indonesia or the ex-premier of Pakistan intends to marry again. Both of them have got into serious trouble with the feminist movements of their countries for having taken second wives. The issue of polygamy is making lively headlines in the Islamic press. In Egypt the row started when Sheik Abdul Hamid Bakhit (professor in the School of Islamic Law in the Al Azbar University of Cairo) said in a weekly journal that women were as much entitled as men to choose their spouses. The professor had already been suspended for the heretical suggestion that observance of the Fast of Ramadhan was not obligatory; his advocacy of women's rights so shocked the Council of Discipline that they downgraded him to a non-teaching post. The Sheik professor is now a hero among the Daughters of the Nile, and the Junta's official paper, *Al Gamhouria*, asks why, if polygamy is in order, why not polyandry—to be practised perhaps most suitably when the husband is absent from home? *Al Ahram*, usually about as sedate as *The Times*, comments: "Polygamy in the 20th century? It is cannibalism." To use the alleged shortage of men as an argument for polygamy is "like asking people to become man-eaters because there is a shortage of chicken. Are women to be allowed four husbands if the number of men increases?"

* * *

Though, as a rule, I don't find time to read many novels, I made an exception last week-end for Roger Peyrefitte's *Les Clés de Saint Pierre*. This brilliant, witty and malicious satire on the contemporary Vatican has only been published a few weeks in France, but I hear that it has already sold over 140,000 copies. Its theme—a simple, pious French Abbé's progress in the preposterous labyrinths of the Holy See—is strangely reminiscent of Zola's *Rome*. But here the resemblance ends. Whereas Zola's book dealt portentously with a young priest's doubts and conflicts, Peyrefitte's novel is sheer rollicking farce, seasoned with hard-hitting and well-documented malice that has given France's anti-clericals their cruellest laugh for many years. Relics, indulgences, the rivalries of the various Orders, the organisation of the Vatican's finances, the religious salesmanship of churchmen such as Cardinal Spellman—Peyrefitte castigates it all with a deadly urbanity. I am told that the book has already been placed on the Index, while in Paris the rumpus over it is still going on. Mauriac, now the star contributor to that excellent political journal *L'Express*, recently wrote an open letter to the editor protesting against an advertisement for the book. Even such a great writer as Mauriac must find it hard to be both a loyal son of Peter and a progressive Frenchman at the same time.

* * *

Living on the top of a South Down this gorgeous August has been a surprise. They told me the Downs were spoilt by too much cultivation and too many fences for cattle. I've not found it so. Sheep are coming back and the fences are easy to avoid. As for the black and white cattle, I like to see them crowd tame near the gate and rub noses, oddly enough, with two cats, one grey and one marmalade. As for the loss of wildness I've little to complain of. In the Spring the larks were louder than the air-liners high on their way between London and Paris, and we rarely hear the beastly din of jet-planes. We are only half a mile from the main road, yet a fox has passed nearby the house; a woodpecker digs industriously in the lawn, until he makes the mistake of searching for ants all the way up a well-tarred telegraph post. True, combines are a poor substitute for the splendid sight of horse waggons laden with grain and there is loss when neat, square-lozenges of straw take the place of the old, prickly stooks which were such fun when we were children. But there are compensations in the increase of ploughed land. The colours are more varied on the hillsides and they make wonderful new patterns as the summer moves towards autumn. The long stretches of burnt brown grass are intermingled with lush green crops where the cattle are feeding; there are fields dressed in white for the sun to catch, purple patches of clover and areas of pink stubble where the corn has been gathered, brilliantly contrasting with the sheer gold of the uncut harvest. To the South, only four miles away, I can see a very blue sea whenever the heat mist rises, and up here on the hilltop there is always a breeze. I do not need a whole family of magpies feeding on the Down to my right to warn me that I am a very lucky fellow.

* * *

Talking of Tennyson's rude old age (who was talking about it—perhaps *The Times*?), I recall a story told me by A. C. Benson many years ago. He wrote a book about Tennyson with lots of family reminiscences to help him, but, Benson told me, he omitted one fine example of the old gentleman's odd behaviour. At a garden party, some Young Thing was introduced to him; he was very silent and awe-inspiring; she shy, and, in an effort to think of the right thing to say, inclined to twist and squirm. Abruptly, he got up and said, "I can't talk to you. Your stays creak." Terrified and overwhelmed, the unfortunate young woman fled for her life. Not long after, she saw the great man bearing down upon her. Her efforts to escape were fruitless. He cornered her, and said, "I beg your pardon. It wasn't your stays; it was me braces."

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

A 16-year-old Acton boy who admitted at Southend Juvenile Court today being drunk and disorderly while on a coach outing to Southend, said: "I think it was the ice cream that made me aggressive." He was fined £2.—*Evening Standard.* (N. Sperber.)

Lady Grantchester tells me she foresees "a rather intimidating experience" this week. She is receiving the guests at a London reception to be given by the Institute of Atomic Information for the Layman.

"I know nothing about atoms—which is why they made me vice-president instead of president—and I'm sure people are going to ask me about molecules and so on," she says.—*Sunday Express.* (J. Upton.)

Hampstead catlovers are hoping to organise a "cat sitting service" in the borough. A meeting will be held later this month to form a branch of the British Cat Protection League.

Miss Marie Rochford, of Rudall Crescent, Hampstead, one of the organisers, said: "There will be some very well known cats there."—*Evening Standard.* (C. Francis.)

Pants Off To Panditji

[Reuter reports a new form of Indian passive resistance. Government clerks at the Central Secretariat, New Delhi, are demanding a 100 per cent increase in pay and are appearing in progressive states of undress until it is granted.]

The tactics of the Indian clerk
  Are greatly to my liking:
He does not bang his fist and bark
  Or seek his ends by striking.
He does not, like the I.R.A.,
  Need guns and ammunition,
But seeks, the *Satyagraha* way,
  The goal of his ambition.

In golden Summers such as this
  We should have acted likewise,
Seeking our aims in nudist bliss
  And not by force, or strike-wise.
Who could resist, had they undressed
  (*Coram* the Mrs. Grundies),
The electrician's pants and vest,
  The engine-driver's undies?

I hope that in a wider field
  We'll see negotiations
Where Russians (*déshabillés*) yield
  To Eden's combinations,
Then rally, with the dreadful threat
  That—subject to the weather—
Delegates of the Soviet
  Will try the All-Together.

The tactics of the Indian clerk
  I recommend in Goa:
A Portuguese could still be stark,
  Clad in a feather boa.
Since Portugal has wandered far
  Into the Indian Ocean,
De-bagged, let Dr. Salazar
  Plead for this curious notion.

REGINALD REYNOLDS

The Beach

As he comes down the steep lane, a boy riding on his father's shoulders, shouts out, "The sea! The sea forever!" This is the boy's first sight of it. It blocks up the space between the two headlands like a scalding blue wall one could look over; then, down on the sand, it stops being a wall and squats out there, sweating, sparkling, sprawling its body like some blowsy inconstant woman got up in summery blue with white petticoat showing. It flops in the heat upon the sand and is hairy and half-naked among the weedy rocks.

At this time of the morning when the sun is hotter every quarter of an hour, ice-cream melts before children can get it down to the beach. Everyone is there and the road above, where the villas and cottages are, is glaring and empty. There are only one or two cars with the sun flashing on their radiators and a few white butterflies flopping over the gardens where the paint bubbles on the gates. Before a creature as blatant as the sea people become mammals, all thighs and bottoms, bellies and breasts, arms and mouths and ears; they lie about inert like basking seals. All individuality has gone now they are naked. The place is as domestic as a kitchen. Character exists only in families. There are the families that communicate only by grunts over an indifferent shoulder; there are the families that are as close as a knot, others always scattering; others wired into each other by anxiety, kept alive by quarrels, by jokes, by some commanding person who has to shout or panic. There are the absorbed ones that speak only two or three times in a morning, those who always want something else, and the families that live by "don't." "I shouldn't read that book, dear, it looks too deep." Or "Don't dig there. Dig here." And families that cry. One hears only the child's cry but a glance at the family shows that continual crying, dry and grimacing, goes on inside them. A little boy calls out "Daddy! Daddy." Half a dozen men get to their feet with the pathos of a genus. That sly, old merry wife of Windsor, the sea, has enticed a pretty girl to roll her hips and practise dance steps in the surf. Far away a man is throwing stones with his sons. Another has lost the kite belonging to his children. It has caught on the cliff. "Don't go up. You'll fall." Holiday Tragedy. Body Found on Ledge. The man who has swam three times across the bay is now coming by for the fourth time.

Only this man is bathing; and then—look again—everyone is bathing. Their heads are bobbing up and down like coconuts. Presently the whole beach is crowded with wet people who come thumping across the sand, throwing balls about, and drying themselves angrily with towels, looking half back at the sea and bursting with laughter in the middle of their temper. At the height of this, an old-fashioned car stops above the beach and four large, elderly people get out with a fuss of politeness and consideration for one another. The gentlemen hand out the ladies, the ladies pause for each other. They walk with the leisure of people about to lay a foundation stone, conducting conversation, to where they are going to sit. They take up a lot of room on the sand and sit there with the decorum of a committee and listen to one another as if they are in a room. They might be parliamentary, municipal, a small royal commission. Then, continuing their conversation, the ladies majestically undress and the men do the same in the leisurely fashion of people used to public life and about to go untroubled on a platform and speak to a public meeting. At a word, they rise up and walk in long black old-fashioned bathing dresses towards their audience—the sea. They are large; they are like elephants. Bulging and paunchy with important years and with chins raised in a dignified way, they file towards the water and wade in, still continuing conversation; until, waist deep and with a united and prophetic stretch of the arms, the committee plunges and, in easy undulation, steams gravely out very far, much farther than any other bathers—as if they had gone to inspect something there. Their heads gather for a while and then, having made their report, the party comes seriously in.

"I thought he was the professor, now," one is saying.

"No," comes the reply. "The professor Emeritus."

"Interesting," says the third. "I knew him in '05."

Like royalty they leave the beach, a little before the end of the morning's performance. It is the crown of the morning.

There is that journey back from the beach. We go, sinking, like loaded mules, looking back for stragglers, waiting at lavatories, sending someone back for a shoe. A smell of beef comes from the villas and, in some, already plates are rattling and a cork pops. At Victoria House, the landlady says, it makes her blood boil when people blame her dog. It is the other dogs that make the trouble. At Fernlea, the landlady says the man whose paddle boat broke down yesterday in the bay landed safely in the next one. All our belief in disaster has been wasted. At Victoria House, again, the landlady's blood is still boiling. Some of the girls you see, some of the men, have this effect on her. She often thinks it will be a good thing when the next six weeks are over. The landlady at Fernlea says the bay used to be full of mackerel once but that was years ago. In those days there used to be prawns, but not now. One looks out at the bay reproachfully. Sand blows down from the towels that are hanging from the windows. Is there anything that gets oil out of a dress? The fish the boy brought home is at the bottom of the jar and does not move. Yet it moved so fast in the sea.

The heat still piles up. The beach is empty. No one can move. The children stand threatening and astonished before the slumped red faces of their dozing parents. Some of these, later in the afternoon, will be buried in the sand. Others will go to the museum and read aloud the many notices saying "Do not touch." Today it would be interesting to see if the alligator that fell off the wall yesterday and broke in two has been replaced. And there is that glass case which has a small heap of white powder in it, labelled "Unknown substance." There is the mantrap not to go near. Or, if not the museum, there is the church on the hill, but children hate that for it is away from the sea. There is an epitaph there which the landlady at Victoria House boasts she has never noticed though she has lived here seventeen years. A woman has buried two young husbands side by side and commends "their ease, their fairness and their attention to conjugal duty." The landlady cannot understand a woman who takes "a second."

A motor coach arrives near tea time and that makes her blood boil, but the people in the motor coach are boiling behind the glass, too, and do not get out. The sight of the sea has stunned them and the driver jumps back to his seat, and takes the load back inland to the pubs. When, at last the pubs do open, a few men go there, turn their backs on the sea and talk about the parts of cars. A funny thing happened to us; just now we saw that couple we saw yesterday. They have just gone by. We have seen quite a number of the same people.

Now the children are in bed, we could go for a walk but not far. As far as Sea View. The air tires you, makes you yawn. An archetypal myth is enacted at Sea View about this time, when the post-card sunset is over and the air is cool, and the sea has lost its blowsy blueness and is as grey as a fish. A very distinguished old man comes out of the front door, fastidiously empties the garbage can and picks up litter. This task is policed from an upper window by his enormous and sickly wife who has black treacly hair and horn-rimmed glasses. She sits at the sill, like a judge on the bench, dropping words on him, telling him what he has missed. What crime has he committed? It looks like old age.

Now the day is done. People wearing coats in the chilly evening go home. The last letter is posted. The last labourer's bicycle has gone, the last dog. The Scouts are silent in their camp on the hill. The headlands across the bay are now hard and dark without detail in the dusk and put their chins down like dogs to the sea. There are no sounds now except the crickets in the gardens and the chuff of the sea against the sea wall, a sound as regular as the rollers of a mill. One lies down in the hot cottage room and listens to the continual grind of the indefatigable sea and one starts when a deep wave breaks and spreads a long white moustache on that face, blowsy no more, but vacant, leathery, old. Tomorrow, if we go down early, we shall be able to sit in the same place on the beach by the rock before that other family gets there. It is convenient for the towels.

V. S. PRITCHETT

The Eight Kikuyu

THERE were eight of them to be hanged. Eight rather small, copper-coloured men, with shaven heads and ill-fitting khaki clothes. Only their chains fitted them properly. And their manner, which had a quiet dignity about it.

I used to see them every day, sitting in the strong, unblinking African sunlight, with an armed African warder standing behind them; not talking very much, and not even smoking, because they had no tobacco, yet managing to seem quite at ease, as if they had chosen to be there, chained together, and guarded. I have seen Europeans in similar situations, but never any who managed to avoid appearing either ridiculous, or melodramatic, or miserable. I have been in a similar situation myself, and I wish I could believe that I appeared as well in it as the eight Kikuyu did, but I know very well that I didn't.

Perhaps it is something in the blood. Africans have been used to chains and the acceptance of death for a very long time. And yet their attitude was not simply resignation. There was nothing Christian in it, or humble, or penitent. Nor had it anything of that ferocious contempt for death which sometimes comes to Africans when they are fighting, or angry. It was, instead, what seemed to me an eminently cultured attitude, rather like that of French aristocrats going to the guillotine during the Terror. The attitude of the very slightly curled lip, and the quizzical eye.

They were supposed to have killed a man, or to have known who killed him, and the slow, and no doubt eminently just, processes of the European Law had brought them to the Central Prison in Nairobi, and to within a week or so of their execution. I say a week or so, because they were not all going to die together. Two on a Tuesday, two on a Thursday, and the remaining four on the Tuesday and Thursday of the following week. It may have had something to do with the Hangmen's Union rules. Or perhaps someone had been reading Agatha Christie's *Ten Little Nigger Boys* and was feeling rather macabre, but it certainly seemed a strange idea. It made even us feel slightly squeamish, and we were difficult men to move.

There was van Niekerk, for example, who had killed an Indian, and spent his time in an uncomprehending rage because he had been found guilty of murder for doing a simple thing like that. And not only found guilty, but sentenced to death. He had been two days away from what we used delicately to refer to as H-day, before they reprieved him. It had affected his mind.

And then there was Major Simons, who had killed his father-in-law in a gun duel, and passed the time away practising yoga and planning how to kill his wife, who had given evidence against him. He was my particular friend.

And there were Petrus and van Rooyen, who were extremely common men, and killers by instinct rather than passion; and old de Wet, who had killed his wife, and the Frenchman, Auguste, who didn't seem to have done anything at all, but, this being war-time, and Kenya being agitated about security in direct ratio to its distance from the fighting, had merely incurred the suspicion of the authorities. And lastly, there was myself, who had . . . but does that matter?

We thought of ourselves as a rather exclusive club. It took some talent in those days for a European to get into prison in Kenya. Talent and character. And but for the war men like Petrus and van Rooyen and van Niekerk would never have been admitted at all. We had our own quarters, quite separate from the Indians, and the Coloureds, and, of course, the Africans. We had good rations and, since Auguste had been a chef, we fed very well. There was a small kitchen in our exercise yard, with a charcoal stove, and every morning, about eleven o'clock, Auguste would disappear inside it, breathing threats against anyone who opened the door. Ravishing smells would begin to steal out within half an hour or so; we would try to look in the window; the sentries would begin to lean out of their watch-towers, sniffing, and by one o'clock we would be sitting down to a rather better meal than you could have bought in the best hotel in Nairobi. Or at least, it tasted better to us. And after lunch we would lie in the sun and smoke, and talk about our murders. Or our wives. Or what we would do when we were free. Major Simons used to teach me yoga, and I can still breathe myself unconscious inside three minutes if the humour takes me. Although levitation would have been more practical.

It was, on the whole, as pleasant a life as one could contrive, and presented a striking contrast to the treatment accorded to the African prisoners. I should like to have seen some constitutionalist trying to convince a few of those Africans that all men, black and white, are equal under the Law. The tall, rather good-looking Nandi, for example, who was doing fifteen years because his white mistress required him to sleep with her, and her husband had found out. It was quite apparent to everyone involved in the case what had really happened, and also what would have happened if the Nandi had refused. Even in Kenya they know the story of Potiphar's wife. But technically it was rape, and the Nandi was doing fifteen years. My friend, Major Simons, who had killed his father-in-law, was doing four, of which one and one-third years would be remitted, if not more. Which meant that within a couple of years at the most he would be free to go and kill his wife; a possibility that was reported to be giving her some concern.

It would be tiresome to multiply examples. They were, no doubt, merely illustrations of the old Constitutional maxim that all men are equal, but some more so than others. But such things failed to move most of us. I suppose one couldn't go on living in Africa if one cared for things like that. And yet even we were touched by the case of the eight Kikuyu, who were to die for a murder of which seven of them were quite certainly innocent; and a murder of a kind which in Native law should have required only a money-compensation to the dead man's relatives. Not that we cared about their innocence. We merely admired their courage. They had very little to eat and we used to send them our surplus bread, and occasionally a cigarette, for which we received grave messages of thanks. And as their days approached, we thought of them with increasing respect, because in the odd hierarchy of prison-life, the man who is going to be hanged is worthy of the highest respect, and this is an even stronger law than the law of colour prejudice, perhaps because it is a much older one. It goes back, I think, to those very far-off and comparatively innocent days when the man who was to be hanged was a sacrifice for the people, whether he was also a criminal or not; days when, for a brief period of glory, he was treated as a king, crowned and robed and worshipped and wedded to the queen until the executioners came. A barbarous ritual, no doubt, when compared with the hygienic efficiency of a modern execution, but one that had its compensations as against the eight o'clock walk.

In Kenya, incidentally, the little walk takes place at six, and not at eight, or at least it used to. Perhaps because the sun rises at six, and that seems an appropriate moment to say good-bye to it. Or perhaps because it seems fitting that Africans should get up a couple of hours before Europeans, whatever the occasion. Anyway, when the first Tuesday came I was lying, half awake, still half dreaming, as the clock struck six. And within the next few seconds there were two small thuds, like the slamming of a door muffled by intervening walls. And that was two men dying.

When we met in our little grass-covered yard that morning we laughed a shade self-consciously and talked of something else. Van Niekerk showed us a picture of his shockingly plain wife and four plain children, all of them wearing extremely cheap and ugly spectacles, and began to cry over it, as he often did. And Major Simons taught me to distinguish between the Atman and the Kharma while we made nets out of string. (I have often wondered what the authorities did with the endless nets we made. The mesh was too large to protect the Governor's strawberry beds from the birds, and even for most sorts of fishing. Certainly for fishing truth out of the bottom of a well. Or perhaps not?)

Later that morning I saw the Kikuyu. But there were only six of them now. I smiled at them, and they smiled back at me, a shade distantly indeed, as well they might, but still, they did smile at me. And in that moment I first knew that all men are brothers, and I loved them, those six quiet men sitting in the strong, sand-yellow African sunlight, with their shaven heads, and their bright chains, and that air of well-bred, aloof amusement in their eyes. I would have liked to sit down beside them there and share their quietness and their dignity. But I could only smile at them. And now I can only remember them.

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Father and Son

"MR. MUGGERIDGE is a writer of merit, his writings being characterised by a persuasive eloquence, apt quotation and illuminating bursts of humour." This might be a description of Mr. Malcolm Muggeridge, Editor of *Punch*, television interviewer and temperamental anarchist. It is, in fact, a quotation from the *Croydon Advertiser* of August, 1930, and it concerns his father, Mr. Henry Thomas Muggeridge, tradesman, local councillor and Socialist candidate.

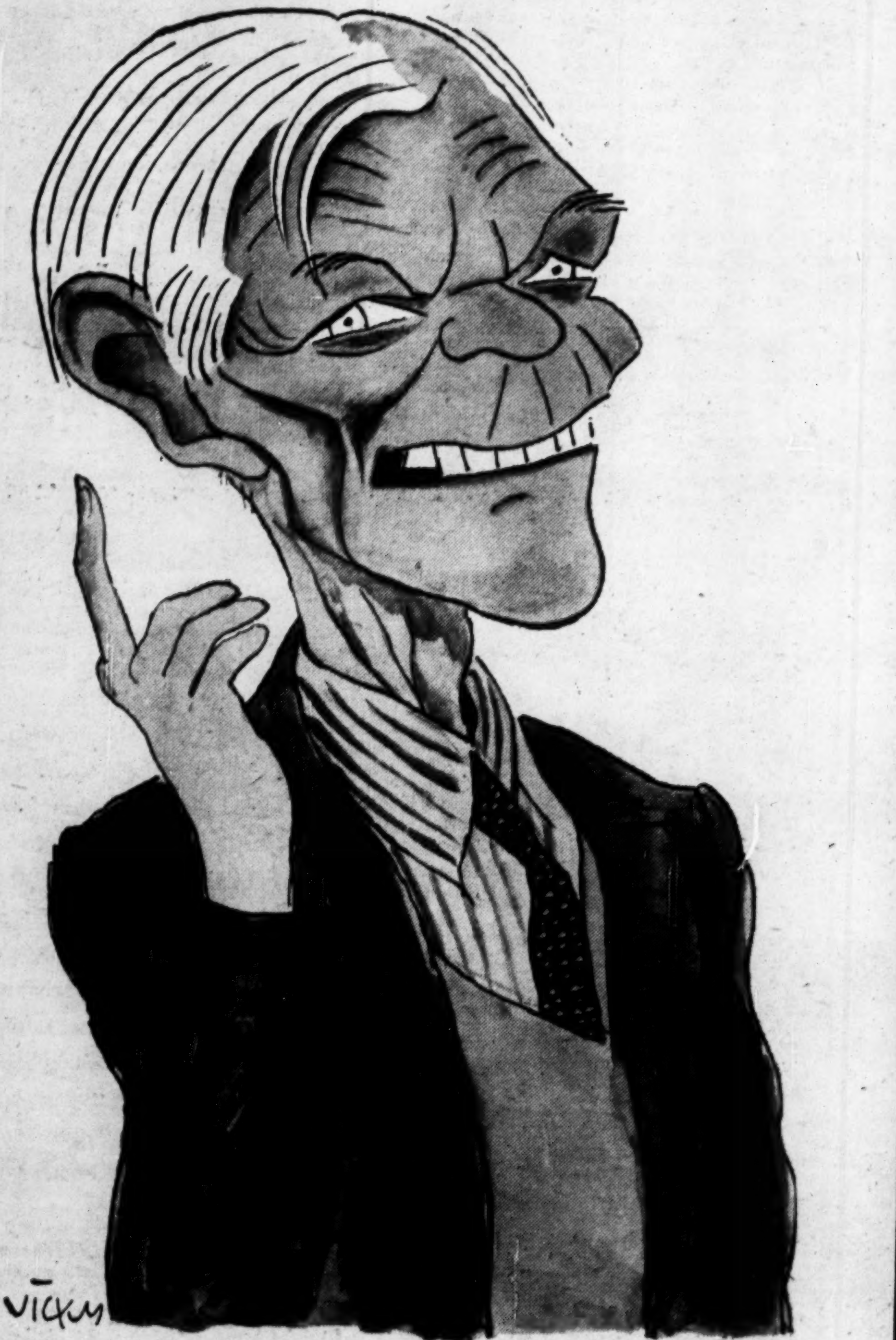
The father was a hard working earnest man, educated at Penge National School, a poverty stricken lawyer's clerk who roused himself in the early mornings to study economics and philosophy. Education was to him not the key to personal success, but the highway to understanding and he had, in consequence, an awestruck respect for the better educated. This, allied to a social conscience, made him an early Fabian. He was by then a moderately successful tradesman and a rather naive idealist. He was, perhaps, apt to regard his fellow-members of the Fabian Executive of the early 1900s with a starry-eyed veneration. From this stems Malcolm Muggeridge's dislike of professional Left-wing reformers. He seems to have felt that the upper-middle-class intellectuals of the Fabian Society patronised his upper-working-class tradesman father. He shudders today in retrospective revulsion at the memory of toothy embraces from the female side of the early Fabian coterie, who would turn to peck his infant cheek at intervals of discussing gas and water Socialism. They wore jangling William Morris jewellery; they ate nuts and raw cabbage, and he did not like the way in which his more worth-while father tried hard to keep up with them.

His father became the star of the Croydon Borough Council, member of the Bowls Club and President of the Mitcham Allotment Society. He wrote Socialist pamphlets and edited the *Croydon Citizen*, one of the earlier local Labour papers. He was Labour candidate for Croydon, and, from 1929 to 1931, Labour M.P. for Romford. No doubt he believed that the Ramsay MacDonald Government would bring simple happiness to Penge, Croydon and Romford. Instead it demonstrated fuddled incompetence and personal jealousies, and ended in the betrayal of 1931. Muggeridge senior suffered bitterly, as did thousands of other people who had given their lives towards this shabby culmination. But Malcolm Muggeridge, his son, had by that time developed an acid detestation of the whole intriguing back-biting, back-slapping world of politics—a world in which he saw the idealist manipulated by the ambitious and sold by the place-seekers.

At Cambridge he enjoyed the education his father struggled to achieve and, still following his father's inner bent, he started life as an educator. He became a Lecturer at the Egyptian University in Cairo; there he was discovered by Arthur Ransome, wrote articles for the *Manchester Guardian* attacking the old regime in Egypt, and was invited by C. P. Scott to join his editorial staff. No atmosphere could have been more unsuitable to a man who had so much of the dilettante and so little of the social reformer in his make-up. Liberal "do-goodism" seemed to him even more bogus and absurd than Labourism. He enjoyed shocking the Victorian sensibilities of Manchester; he posed as a gay cynic, wrote a play making light of sex which shocked his Aunt Beatrice (his wife is a niece of Mrs. Sidney Webb); argued that instinct was a man's true guide, worshipped D. H. Lawrence and despised Laski. He formed a deep and sincere devotion to E. T. Scott, who was burdened with the task of taking over the controls from his formidable and aged father, and when E.T.S. was drowned in Windermere, Muggeridge wrote a book mercilessly satirising Manchester, liberal journalism and representing C. P. Scott as an old humbug. The book was doubtless libellous; it was withdrawn from circulation in response to legal representation from John Scott, C. P. Scott's remaining son and the Managing Director of the *Guardian*.

Having made it clear that he hated Manchester and everyone in it, Muggeridge decided that Soviet Communism might have the answers to the problems his father had patiently tried to solve through Social Democracy. But Moscow was worse than Manchester; he could find nowhere to live and nothing to report that would pass the censor. Bureaucracy and abysmal poverty, dictatorship and idealistic pretensions. It was the worst moment of the kulak famine, and Muggeridge's *Winter in Moscow* satirised, not without justice, the naivety of Western Socialists who did not notice in their Intourist enthusiasm that thousands of people were dying of hunger.

In Moscow he found he could put no more faith



in the dedicated servants of the Communist Party than in the politicians of the British orthodox Left. Since then he has remained a man without a faith. He often calls himself a Right-wing reactionary; but in private he is not consistently political at all. He advances outrageously feudal political theories, but on occasion he is capable of outlining a revolutionary programme for the British Labour Party with the wistful air of one who, in different circumstances, would not mind helping to foster it.

Muggeridge is the unfortunate soul endowed with a devastating eye for the weakness and foibles of mankind. When he considers ideas, he is appalled to think of the horrible creatures who might be called upon to execute them. So he justifies his rejection of everything "progressive" (which might involve him in identifying himself with—or even working in and for—some "cause") by proclaiming his total lack of faith in the human instruments of action. This makes him neither happy nor miserable, but superior. "Such is life, dear boy," he sighs. All government, he argues, is bad government, because all who would presume to govern are bad people. If they were good, they would not endure the bad people round them. To aspire to government one must listen to the mob and the mob, too, consists of human beings.

And so he has developed. After Manchester and Moscow, he worked in India for the Calcutta *Statesman* and in London for the *Evening Standard.* He wrote clever books and his satiric play was well received by the critics. He was always bright and disillusioned, but never an outstanding success.

During the war, he served in the Intelligence Corps and was awarded the Legion of Honour, the *Croix de guerre* with palms and the *Medaille de la Reconnaisance Française.* After the war, he became deputy editor of the *Daily Telegraph,* where he worked off a couple of decades of accumulated bile about the Labour Party. Its proprietor had realised that the Conservative Party needed a paper which would voice the respectable anger of middle-class people mourning over their lost ascendancy. Malcolm learnt that in this instance the best journalism was dull; satire and brilliance were at a discount. His agreeable job was to pillory the struggles of the Labour Government. He was more than grudging of praise: he saw nothing to praise at all. He represented the creative period of 1945-50 as a dreary example of the mob enjoying power—on this occasion, through the worst of all combinations, Fabian-type intellectuals and demagogic politicians. Only eyes more acute than those which usually relish the *Telegraph* noticed that his anathemas were in fact applicable, not only to Labour, but to any Government conceivable in present-day England.

He was lucky when, to the surprise of Fleet Street, he became the editor of *Punch* when the Tories were in power. For by nature he would have been compelled before long to turn against the Tories because he did not like the men in command. He might, as editor of *Punch,* have opted out of politics, run it as an urbane, chatty, whimsical decoration for dentists' waiting rooms. But, perversely, he cannot leave the wretched business alone; perhaps because he has a load of guilt inside him, he has made *Punch* acidly political. He has shown real journalistic courage in abruptly switching it from its stagnant, bearded traditionalism and making it a paper with a sharp political impact. His courage has been rewarded by increased circulation. He once declared that his job in Bouverie Street would be to destroy the Welfare State; he has in the event done no more than be rude to its advocates. He has also infuriated the fox-hunting squires and dear old ladies whom *Punch* used so assiduously to court, by publishing a cartoon showing the beloved Winston as a bleary, maundering old man. Many militant Right-wingers, on the other hand, were delighted when he made Eden after Geneva look like Chamberlain after Munich. It was just Malcolm Muggeridge still working off his spleen. Sir Anthony Eden he regards as the disastrous proof that mediocrity succeeds. The Conservatives, he feels, are not much better than Labour. Not that dictatorship would be an improvement. That would be another even worse way of losing liberty—to which the answer seems to be that all government by its nature restricts liberty, but that the absence of government is the shortest of all routes to its absolute extinction. Like other anarchists, Muggeridge is doomed to perpetual opposition. He can only be a tease. Motley is the only wear—even if it comes to ridiculing peacemakers and encouraging an ultimate cynicism.

He reached a wider public on television where, after all, he need not have any positive view. As an interviewer of guest celebrities he is quick, and sometimes shows unexpected sympathy. He has antagonised many viewers by too much projection of his own personality, by sounding la-di-da and superior, by voicing his own thoughts instead of acting as a passive feed for the less lively thoughts of others. In fact, however, Malcolm is not hogging the camera. He just gets interested in the conversation and chases it round the screen. As a television performer he has many critics, but he can fairly regard himself as a great success. Even those who say they dislike his performance, ceaselessly dispute with his admirers. That means that he is becoming what the English people like best—a Character.

Malcolm Muggeridge's public *persona* is not yet fixed. He is lively, superior, affected, irreverent, provocative, volatile, a Tory debunker who believes in nothing, certainly not Toryism. This adds up to something interesting, but it lacks a positive ingredient. In private life, success has been good for Muggeridge. Once he was a man to avoid, because his charm and friendliness were treacherous. He could not risk generosity until he had spent his gall. He still attacks friends and foes with all the obvious malice in the world. But his friendliness seems now capable of turning into friendship. If, when he is at his most charming, he is accused of irresponsibility and gross unfairness in politics he says, in effect, "Well, of course I know that wasn't fair. But then malice is my *métier.* I'm also the most companionable of mortals and what is *Punch* but a blend of these opposites?" And if you take another look at him in profile (an aspect which Vicky has not drawn) you will see that his nose and grin are everyday more like those of Mr. Punch himself.

The Arts and Entertainment

L'Envoi for Léger

Dead. Why do I find it so difficult to believe? I never met you, never saw except in photographs your practical Norman head or your eyes laughing straight at the obliqueness of all academic theory. And so I saw no signs of ageing. Of course one knew the facts: born at Argentan 1881, apprenticed to an architect, Cubism, the *Card Players* in a Western Front dug-out, the factory pictures—the first paintings ever to celebrate the fact that men had achieved the means to secure a world of plenty, had attained the prowess they had once attributed to their gods, the abstract phase of architectural design, the nudes gayer and less discreet than any since Veronese's—except perhaps unknown ones chalked innocently on a wall, the huge Adam and Eve on holiday which owed a great deal to Michelangelo, the bicycles and the girls in their sports clothes, the week-end straw hats, the cows with their comic camouflage dapples, the trees like the sprigs one puts into a jam jar, the mosaic at Assy, *La Parade de Cirque*—but these did not prepare one for last week's news. Usually the work of an ageing painter shows a certain detachment; he comments, like your friend Picasso, on the ironies of life, or he purifies his theories to the point of stylistic finality. But there was never anything pure about you—except your colours, you remained attached, eager, noisy, and in all your paintings there was the sense of physical labour; one pictured you building your images, like a carpenter whistling with nails between his teeth and a hammer easy in his hand, or like one of the steeplejacks in your *Constructeurs.*

And now Painter, Comrade, first artist ever to earn fully the title Engineer of the Soul—even though the man who invented that phrase was unable to recognise you, because you believed that a genius was a man with an imagination so in tune with his time and therefore so easily understandable that he could become almost anonymous, his works as easy and yet sharp to the eye as popular proverbs to the ear—now, because you believed this, your obituaries again accuse you of being impersonal, mechanical; your delight in the human promise of the machine is again confused with your method of drawing and your system of colour by which you made "signs" to establish far more vividly than any naturalistic imitation could do, the primacy of your subjects—or as you called them your "objects."

No defence, however, is necessary. When the people claim their right to their own art and reject what is offered them by salesmen who despise them, you, who worked for and from them, will come into your own. In front of a canvas by, say, Picasso or Bonnard one senses such an urgency of conflict that it seems appropriate to discuss and debate all the issues involved. But in front of one of your paintings one thinks: There it is. Take what you want and leave what you don't. Buy a postcard of it and send it home along with a vulgar one. Lean against it and, prompted by the bicycle in it, discuss where you're going next Sunday. Or stand grateful. It doesn't matter. The picture is there and, as though it were a printed emblem or a flag, it implies that there must be hundreds of others. It is an inevitable image of our time, common as a coin, and you can buy what you like with it. But because it is truly and actively of our time, the attitude behind it is indestructible.

You can never again trace a girl's open hand as though it were your own, put it up to her face and let her eyes look between its fingers, whilst your vistas of colour let her fly through space to become any girl anywhere. But you have made it possible for us to say, in contrast to the lament of the usual funeral oration, that the world *will* be the same place without you. Just as the huge piles of colour straight from their tubes on your palette might, now that you have shown the way, be boldly applied by others, so the momentum of the daily world in which you saw such constant, vulgar nobility, will continue unchecked. I am certain that with Gorki you would have us repeat Kellermann's hard prayer: Blessed be the law of mortality that eternally renews the days of our life.

John Berger

Grand Guignol

It is a sign of confidence in itself—and, indeed, in the loyalty of its audiences—that our Theatre nowadays is prepared to put all its resources into tackling the great Unstageables and the great Unstaged. Sir John Gielgud, not long since, drew the crowds for a revival of Otway's *Venice Preserv'd*: and proved that it was a play which everyone wanted to see but few would want to see again. Mr. Tyrone Guthrie and the Old Vic set out recently to show that Marlowe's monster *Tamburlaine* was after all stageable: the point was superbly established: the play could, under this brilliant director, be done, but the question still remained at the end, how well it was worth doing. And now at Stratford the Memorial Theatre Company, led by Sir Laurence Olivier, has revived the neglected *Titus Andronicus*. The grizzly, senseless map of horror has been unrolled, and now we can roll it up again for another fifty years.

The first half of *Titus* seems to me almost total waste, a bestial recital of tit-for-tat hacking and hewing, all but unrelieved. The aged warrior-hero Titus comes back victorious from the wars, with Tamora, the Queen of the Goths, and three of her sons in his train of prisoners. His own surviving sons demand her eldest boy as a sacrifice for the ghosts of their brothers slain in the wars, and Titus grants their request. In spite of Tamora's entreaties, they seize her son and hack him to pieces at the family tomb. This pitiless act costs Titus dear. For the Queen, now the Empress, with the help of the blackamoor, Aaron, takes a hideous revenge. By the end of the third act Titus has lost two of his sons, his own right hand, and his daughter Lavinia has been ravished and mutilated, her hands cut off, her tongue torn out. All these horrors we have had to suffer publicly, many of them on full stage, and they are unredeemed by any hint of pity, compassion or remorse. The old general is left in a welter of desolation, plotting with his brother some way of avenging these dishonours. Violence has only bred violence: the only fruit of savagery is revenge and more savagery. As in the old Greek myth Titus captures the Queen's sons and serve them up to her in a pie at a banquet and the final curtain falls on a Websterian blood-bath, the principals slaughtering one another wholesale.

Only those with a hard-boiled taste for Gothic horrors will find anything but a meaningless assault on the sensations in this Elizabethan Grand Guignol. There is no moral centre to the play, and no poetic centre either. There are, it is true, flashes and gleams of beauty in the language more than is usually realised, and recognisably Shakespearean. But they are incidental beauties. The poetry is not, as in the great tragedies to come later, the very structure of the play which redeems whatever horrors are unfolded. In late Shakespeare it is the poetic structure which reconciles us to the madness of fear, the jealous savagery of Othello, the murderous brutality of Macbeth. Here the horrors are delivered neat, as it were, and unredeemed.

A sturdy English audience shows only its good sense, it seems to me, in finding the last blood-bath laughable. This kind of laughter is often, of course, only a defence against the unendurable. Not that we who have narrowly survived through an age as barbarous as any in history ought to be squeamish about horror. (Ten murders, two mutilations and a rape weigh lightly in the scale of horrors perpetrated by the Germans and the Japanese in our time.) But the cruelty here is so insensate, that if we are not to be simply disgusted, we must defensively laugh. That we didn't do so earlier is itself a tribute to the production and the acting. Mr. Peter Brook is responsible for the whole production, the decor and the music as well as the staging. He is not, in my view, quite so successful as he was when he did the same for *Measure for Measure*. There he found a style, and successfully created a climate in which the play made sense. But in what sort of climate could *Titus* make sense? Mr. Brook, it seemed to me, began to find an answer in the second half of the play where his unatmospheric *art nouveau* set opened out into a flaring red study and we were in the world of the German expressionist cinema of the Twenties—that distorted mirror world of half madness. There alone in that fishy world of the sub-conscious the insensate cruelty has some vague kind of meaning. But in the more conventional opening Mr. Brook seemed to be placing us in one of the Roman plays, and in that world this abomination of cruelty seemed simply unthinkable. The only hope, surely, was to plunge us straight into a world nearer that of Dr. Caligari than of Coriolanus and to keep us there from start to finish. As it was these scenes in the second half were the only ones that worked as scenes.

Sir Laurence brought all his immense resources to the part of Titus. He begins, in the spirit of the production, with a dazzlingly clever portrait of a Great Old Man (so wonderfully different from the Shakespearean old man of the current convention). The age is visible in every line of the walk and the stance and the dropping chin and (his model is obvious) in a certain mischievousness; the greatness is displayed in the absolute and unquestionable air of authority. Then, as soon as this realistic approach becomes impossible he moves over to something more like opera. No other actor commands such violence of voice and expression as Sir Laurence, such spine-chilling rages and storms, or appreciates so well as he the contrast of stillness which can equally freeze the blood. In these bravura passages Sir Laurence transports us to another dimension and while we are there we can accept anything. For acting of this order alone the play is worth seeing. He was backed, too, by a powerful and compelling performance from Mr. Anthony Quayle as the blackamoor. If anyone could persuade us now into a belief in that incredible Renaissance conception, the figure of pure evil, Mr. Quayle with his dæmonic energy might have done it. The rest of the long cast serve well enough. Mr. Alan Webb, cast against type, gives a certain dignity to Titus's brother Marcus. The women are handicapped by the dresses designed for them which are decidedly out of keeping. I am glad to have seen this play produced and I am convinced that if anyone would have made anything of it, this combination would have done. But the fact is that it is only a literary curiosity, its main interest that of watching the immature mind of a genius foreshadowing some of its greatest achievements.

T. C. Worsley

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HODDER AND STOUGHTON

Mastodons in Conflict

In three weeks, we shall have an alternative TV programme. Competition perhaps won't be as free as all that. I should not be surprised if under its pressure the commercials assume such dignity, and the B.B.C. becomes so vulgar, that we shall hardly be able to tell one from the other. The contractors have announced their first programmes. The first night of commercial TV will be "a night of stars"; we shall see the Cabinet, or some of it, banqueting at the Guildhall to celebrate the occasion with Gog and Magog. But when the all-star charity is over the subsequent programmes so far announced look remarkably like the mixture as before. The depths to which the B.B.C. will plunge to imitate American television horrify the newcomer. And it is already fairly clear that the first stage of competition will show us everybody imitating everybody else. But competition in the entertainment industry has always meant just that.

Even so I'm looking forward to the showdown, mostly in the hope that when the mastodons are locked in conflict might just be the moment for *homo sapiens* to slip through. It seems to me after my fortnight's initiation that the unexpected always happens, and that's hardly a discovery either. I had guessed that, on this tiny screen, what will come through best is a clash of personalities. Two credible people in a situation, preferably in conflict, or even just one personality exhibiting itself (preferably by mistake) are worth all your big contracts with ready-made stars and expensive camera positions at Wimbledon (or Mrs. Topham's).

For me the outstanding programme of my first stint was the ascent of Kanchenjunga. Life imitating art? I don't know, but I was repeatedly being reminded of, significantly, the lighter passages in *The Ascent of F6*. Guessing beforehand I should have said that to lay-on interviews by Sir John Hunt with members of the expedition in the studio, and cut in a few film sequences of the ascent, would produce something very worthy and very dead. In fact it crackled. The personalities of the young climbers dwelt amongst us and they were curiously sharp. Regional voices, and personal quirks, and the dry echoes of the interplay of character, transformed studio interviews into drama. It was odd but true—I had a far clearer sense of the personalities involved than I ever got out of the Everest film, for example, or from most books about climbing.

I believe there's a lesson here in how to dramatise these things, though I'm not quite clear what it is yet. What is clear is that whether in parlour games, or outside broadcasts, or plays, the classic means of producing a situation, and then sparking it off, is the essence of television entertainment, and may prove to be the clue to television art if we ever get it. This fact came out clearly in such plays as I have seen. Miss Olga Lindo in *The Confidential Clerk* moved suddenly and for a brief passage into emotional truth, in a play and a set of situations where emotional truth is not easy to come by. This is a moment I shall remember. *The Powder Magazine* illustrated this again. A superficial well-meaning play, not without shafts of irony and a promise of dramatic talent, was almost an object lesson in the point that what the little screen longs for is the classic situation worked right out. A preposterous period piece, Alfred Sutro's *The Two Virtues* rubbed the lesson in harder.

But really the B.B.C. must do something about this habit of the puff direct. Two items, among others, were inserted as stop press news, really big stuff. A Hollywood film director told us amid reverential gasps from his interviewer that he is thinking one of these days of making a film about an English celebrity he once met on a boat deck. (Wouldn't we all like to tell about films we mean to make one day!) Then Miss Eva Bartok got married somewhere in Europe and the B.B.C. flew a film of the event (and Miss Bartok in person) into the studio. Who is this Miss Bartok? She once appeared in a passable film. It was a passable performance too. Of course we all watched her get married to her German actor. But what were we all watching? Grandmother B.B.C. throwing her bikini over the windmill?

MONTAGU SLATER

Thing Seen

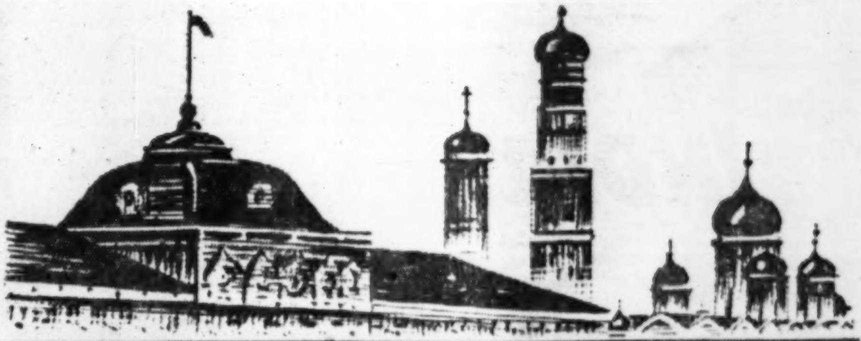
"The Quatermass Experiment," at the London Pavilion

"Footsteps in the Fog," at the Marble Arch Odeon

"The Man from Laramie," at the Leicester Square

On a Monday morning, with the mercury rising ninetyish, one doesn't expect more than a cool seat, a film convinced of a cool reception. What a surprise then is *The Quatermass Experiment*. Science fiction, British: two lovers chasing and clasping by a haystack, then out of the night sky the terror, a stampede for the house, a roar, a crash, and someone goes out with a gun to discover the giant rocket half-buried. Soon fire-engines are there, ambulances, police, neighbours with coats over their pyjamas, more fire-engines, and the author of the experiment together with a security man and someone's wife are on their way in a car. In the rocket—which has plumbed 15,000 miles into space—are three men. At last, in response to radio, there is a faint answer. The hoses play on white-hot metal; the door gradually opens; out staggers an armour-clad figure, and falls.

So far so admirable, in the keen American way, but with native patience and humour; and one thinks, Splendid, splendid, but how do we go on? For it is a British failing—a failing, at least, of British films—that they kick off, even before the titles, and then flag and yawn. But *The Quatermass Experiment* goes on. The survivor, in the grip of a terrible grimace, proves to be speechless; his heart-beat defies the usual life rhythm; jellied remains of what may be human flesh are all that is found of the two companions in the cabin; Scotland Yard steps in; apologetic but firm; the Home Office flaps; the victim of the experiment lies in bed, still undergoing strange and quite horrible transformation, while the author of it stalks in and out with fierce, final authority. I won't go on with the tale, which crosses the frontier of animal and vegetable, and has its grand finale in Westminster Abbey; but it keeps its tension, and jumps from step to step with such quick assurance, that our qualms and excitement don't leave us. Does the monster—as he is becoming—menace the girl in a car? Is the human race threatened? Does the Zoo at night present itself as the necessary next stage of melodrama? Yes; and it's absurd enough in all conscience, but hums at the time. Not once, I think, for more than a few moments, did I find myself not involved, impalpitant. Even the climax of a thing in Westminster Abbey, momentously thwarted in its impulse to let loose a destructive brood on the world, though inevitably anti-climax, has a certain thriller inevitability, like the concluding chords of an overture; and there's a nicely ruthless last shot, to send us home with our relief tempered.



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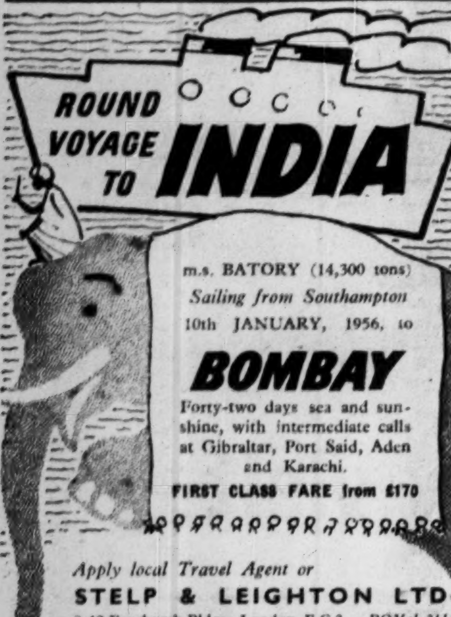

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The Quatermass Experiment does, in fact, just touch the imagination. Its hero, gripped by fantastic horror, hints at tragedy. What we witness in a number of scenes is much extended by what we don't quite see. The heroine is very briefly dismissed. The hardly rippled matter-of-factness of ordinary life goes on to the very end: if humanity should ever succumb to a bizarre menace, this is how it might be, with the buses running, the stadiums packed, the elbows leant on the supper table. Not that *The Quatermass Experiment* is any more than bright science fiction; but thank goodness it's bright! And a couple of cheers for the reassurance that British films can still, once in a while, come quick. The doomed hero is frighteningly played by Richard Wordsworth, Quatermass by Brian Donlevy, and Scotland Yard by Jack Warner; and there is a perfect little bit of comedy by Thora Hird as an old Saturday-nighter who vindicates a lifetime of seeing things. The script, based on a B.B.C. television play by Nigel Neale, is by Richard Landau and Val Guest. Val Guest directed and A. Hinds produced. None of these—if I may put it so—are classed among our swells; but they have done their job well, and the result seems to me a better film than either *The War of the Worlds* or *Them*.

And so to the dear old-fashioned *Footsteps in the Fog*—meteorologically inspired, anyway—and Stewart Granger as a gentleman murderer of Edwardian days with a knobbed cane and an aviary, and Jean Simmons as the complicit housemaid who raises herself to mistress, and the fog, and the big poison bottle, and—Oh lord, haven't we seen it all before?

The Man from Laramie is James Stewart on the roam in the bold days, with a murdered brother to avenge and a slow love to ripen. There are fights and trails through the mountains and the stiff upper lip of melodrama: not bad, except that all this too has been ours again and again.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

"Mrs. Willie," at the Globe

Mr. Alan Melville is a canny Scots amalgam of daring and caution. But his daring turns to rashness when he attempts to improvise a farcical theme on that shaggiest of dog stories: the one in which the hostess, having tried out the suspect caviar on the dog, who survives, learns in the middle of dinner when her guests have downed the stuff like Russians, that the dog is dead. There is nothing for it but to man the stomach pumps. We know, though, from the cradle almost, that the beast was run over by the lawn-mower. The author's caution is evidenced by his writing his play as a vehicle for Miss Yvonne Arnaud, creating her a Balkan ex-queen safely married in Sussex, and making the guests F.O. officials and revolutionaries with whom she is conspiring to place her son back on the throne. But the author has failed his hostess by not providing wit of a sparkling quality, nor enough of his cider-cup substitute. And yet in the second act, when Miss Arnaud is stirring the "sugar"-emetic into the coffee with the inexorable determination of a cement-mixer, how superbly funny it all becomes, so that you forget the doldrums earlier. Miss Arnaud's squeaking, frenetic endeavours are nicely accentuated by Mr. Cyril Raymond's silently well-bred resignation as the English husband watching his wife's evermore extravagantly foreign behaviour. The acting, however, is everywhere more adequate than the playwriting, though without the existence of Miss Arnaud the result might have been very different. But then, without Miss Arnaud, Mr. Melville mightn't have written the play at all.

M. C.

Drawings by Edward Ardizzone 1940-45, at the Imperial War Museum, Lambeth

These works have not dated. Ardizzone is in the great tradition of British graphic art, gentler but no less warm or skilful than Rowlandson. Like all graphic artists who must work quickly from remembered observation, Ardizzone has had to invent a formula: hence his familiar, large-headed, rather padded-looking figures. But within this formula his range and precision of comment are marvellous. He can draw, without ever resorting to fussy details, something as intangible as the difference between a clean and a dirty shirt. He can make us suffer the enforced anxious passivity of the Tube Shelterers—the lean, timid husband comforting his garrulous, voluminous wife. He can make us look out of the corner of our eyes at the Italian tart leaning against a door marked Out of Bounds. He can draw officers siding in front of the barmaid in the Red Lion, troops resting exhausted among wild flowers in Southern Tunisia, the Gogol-like breakfasting of the Public Relations Staff. Usually his comments are affectionate, but he can be sufficiently satirical to make one wonder how he kept his job as an official war artist, and at other times tragic. Granted his draughtsmanship and his well learnt lessons of composition from Rembrandt, the secret of Ardizzone's success and the reason why his drawings have more than a topical value, is that his understanding is that of a mature, civilised, tolerant democrat. In no other country but this could he have developed as he has. He has taken advantage of our comparative comfort and of the English Channel to preserve with almost their original vitality the optimism, the unpuritanical humour, the belief in Reason and Pleasure and the individualist social conscience of the eighteenth-century reformers—nearly all his scenes have the scale of a parlour or a coffee house, and when he attempts something larger he fails. But because he has applied these standards without self-deception or a trace of nostalgia to life today, he remains more shrewdly contemporary than many nineteenth-century "Moderns," and will wear much better in the future.

J. B.

Correspondence

FREEDOM OF THE AIR

SIR,—There are greater issues here than in the case of John Wilkes, who merely reported the parliamentary debates; and who cares about them? The present affair is the same as the struggle against licensed printing, i.e., against the doctrine that only the Government can decide what is said or written. The ban on discussing any topic for 14 days before it is raised in Parliament does not merely restrict the freedom of a few star-broadcasters. It deprives every listener and viewer of his freedom to hear intelligent discussion of political topics.

The ban against M.P.s discussing the subject of any Bill is without precedent. The next step will be to forbid M.P.s to mention a Bill anywhere outside the House of Commons so as to preserve the majesty of parliamentary debate; and then this debate itself will be restricted to the front benchers for the same reason. If M.P.s have any regard for their privileges they will commit Dr. Hill for contempt as soon as the House reassembles.

What of the other "gentlemen's agreements"? Will the B.B.C. repudiate these also—for instance, the rationing of the appearances of M.P.s? Or has it repudiated this one only because it has been found out? (Incidentally, the only ban against individuals issued from party headquarters was against Michael Foot and myself ever appearing on the same programme. I am also the only person ever actually suspended—for the grave offence of sitting silent during some inane political wrangle between Mr. J. Callaghan, M.P., and some Tory whose name I forget.)

It is useless proclaiming one's intention of courting martyrdom. No penalty will lie against a broadcaster for ignoring the ban except the doubtful penalty of exclusion from future discussions. The producers of programmes must stand by the broadcasters; and the heads of the B.B.C. and the I.T.A. must stand by the producers. Freedom will not be secure until we have a joint letter from Sir Alexander Cadogan and Sir Kenneth Clark proclaiming their intention to ignore the P.M.G.'s directive. Where will this chain of defiance break down?

A. J. P. TAYLOR

GRAVES AND JUNG

SIR,—It is inexcusable for a reviewer summarily to dismiss an author's essential opinions and then to blame him for adhering to them throughout his book. This is what Robert Graves has done in his review of Brian Branston's *Gods of the North*. Mr. Branston believes world-wide similarities in mythological figures and events arise from certain forms universally present in the unconscious mind. His reviewer announces that a grave defect of the *Gods of the North* "is a lazy agreement with C. G. Jung" and then denounces him for treating the myths of the northern peoples as largely native and not mere borrowings from the Mediterranean.

Certainly the Jungian approach to mythology does cast doubt on the value of the minute study of borrowings, adaptations and mis-readings between the mythologies of different peoples which Mr. Graves has pursued with such laborious ingenuity. But a cautious use of Jung's findings, which are based on much clinical evidence and acceptable to many good minds, cannot be tossed aside as "laziness"; as it happens they are accepted without question by Herbert Read in the adjacent review in the NEW STATESMAN.

As for Mr. Branston's failure to introduce archaeological findings, I agree that he should have discussed the presence of southern immigrants and traders in Scandinavia and their possible influence on northern myths. Nevertheless, Mr. Graves's own quite incorrect remarks about Beaker Folk and various archaeological matters are ample proof of how difficult it is nowadays to make use of other people's special subjects.

JACQUETTA HAWKES

Albany, W.1.

MARX AS HISTORIAN

SIR,—Mr. Hobsbawm makes "the charitable assumption" that I am unfamiliar with the works alike of Orosius, Baronius, Bossuet and Marx, whom, in one respect, I compared. It is the kind of "charitable assumption" that Marxists are too ready to make about those whose reading (and views) are wider than their own. In fact, I am familiar with the work of all four, and therefore in a better position that Mr. Hobsbawm to make comparisons.

I wrote that as "universal historians" all four are dead. By that I meant—and my context made my meaning quite obvious—that although they may have had importance in other respects, and although they may have provided material and ideas to later historians, the universal historical systems which they constructed from the past and applied to the future have been shown to be invalid. Mr. Hobsbawm says of Orosius and Baronius that "no historian today cares a rap for what they wrote, thinks their views worth a minute's consideration, or modifies his work because of theirs." Since he admits that he has read nothing of either of them, it is clear that he lives up to his views. It is also clear that his views are not impeded by any regard for the evidence.

Now I do not believe that any historian can afford to treat the past, which is his subject, with such ignorant, dogmatic arrogance. Orosius may be dead as a historian, but he supplied the essential material for St. Augustine's *City of God*, which has had greater influence in history even than *Das Kapital*. Baronius' *Annals* dominated both the art and the historiography of the Counter-Reformation. Like the works of Marx, in the century after their author's death they supplied the historical orthodoxy of a party. They were also useful to historians: even Gibbon thought them worth more than "a minute's consideration." All this is perfectly compatible with the invalidity of the historical systems which these men sought to construct and vindicate.

Exactly the same can be said of Marx. He also had great intellectual influence, was adopted by a formidable party, and (as Mr. Hobsbawm says) inspired controversial writing which has "transformed academic history." It has also transformed Marx's historical doctrine. How necessary that transformation has been is obvious to anyone who examines recent history and compares it with Marx's prophecies. I gave one particular example: "for all his brilliant intuition, Marx, by his impersonal economic laws, never deduced the rise of Fascism." Other examples could be given in plenty. Modern Marxists, with a million mass-produced needles, busily stitch and mend the system, which perpetually splits and shrivels at the touch of events. But what must one say of a system which needs such desperate repair? I am prepared to repeat what Mr. Hobsbawm calls my "silly statement"; as a "universal historian" Marx is "as dead as Orosius, Baronius and Bossuet."

H. R. TREVOR-ROPER

Birchfield,
Melrose, Roxburghshire.

OURSELVES ALONE

SIR,—Critic in the London Diary this week says "True to form in all Anglo-Irish affairs, irrationality piles on irrationality," and then goes on himself to accuse the I.R.A. of wanting to get Britain out of the Northern Irish Counties so that there can be an Irish Civil war, in the best irrational manner.

I find it hard to believe Critic is ignorant of the fact that in its paper *United Irishman* and elsewhere in statements given to the Irish press from time to time the I.R.A. has expressly disclaimed any such intention; but if indeed he is ignorant of this, may I point out that the aims and objects of the I.R.A. have been stated in the *National Unity And Independence Programme of Sinn Fein*, and in their *Social And Economic Programme*, both of which can be obtained from their offices at 3, Lower Abbey Street, Dublin.

Moreover, I, whose political sympathies are closest to those of the Socialist Republicans, share the I.R.A.'s wish to see the back of all British Forces of Occupation in Ireland, although, up to 1949, I had hoped that Partition might have been ended, and all British Forces withdrawn from the North, by the friendly and active assistance of the British Labour Party, and not by militant action on the part of young patriotic Irishmen. I might have known better, for all Irish history teaches us that every concession we have ever won has been won through force, or the threat of force (Daniel O'Connell's followers were more militant than Dan!), and that we must once again rely, not on British friends, however "progressive" they may sound out of Government Office, but only and solely on ourselves alone.

Critic also says that Fermanagh and Tyrone should never have been included in "Ulster," that is, in the Six Counties Statelet which now passes as Ulster to the ill-informed portions of the British public. This is to pile irrationality on irrationality with a vengeance. The province of Ulster has had nine counties in modern history, of which three: Donegal, Monaghan, and Cavan, are included in "Southern Ireland" today. To subtract two more, Fermanagh and Tyrone, even though they would be heartily welcomed into the Irish Republic, might leave a Four County "Ulster" which would yet be satisfactory to Critic and various Imperial strategists. Truly, yes! But I am afraid only the return of the last four counties, Derry, Down, Antrim and Armagh (two of which, Derry and Armagh, are certainly a bit shaky from the "Loyalist" point of view) will satisfy the Irish people.

It may well be a great comfort to Critic to reflect that "Ulster will fight," that is, to maintain the North's connection with Britain. To me, it is a matter of shame and unhappiness that some of my Protestant fellow-countrymen of the North might indeed be prepared to do so. I could only hope that in the event of British forces leaving Ireland they would reconsider the matter in the light of putting all their undoubted energy and talent in industrial matters at the disposal of their country, and for the benefit of all their fellow countrymen.

Creeksea Hall, EWART MILNE
Burnham-on-Crouch, Essex.

THAT UNCERTAIN FEELING

SIR,—Two comments on Mr. Lister's review of *That Uncertain Feeling*. First, why drag in the poor not-so-old Welfare State to label the world to which Mr. Amis's characters belong? Is it justified by a casual reference to a Food Office, by the fact that the hero works in a public library (the first Public Libraries Act was passed over a hundred years ago), or because he probably had a grant from the local authority to help him through college? Haven't working-class boys been making good for years to the extent of getting jobs in public libraries after going to a provincial university? They certainly have in South Wales. And surely John Lewis's seedy and uncomfortable furnished flat is the very opposite of what the Welfare State stands for but very like what hard-up young couples have had to put up with for generations; no snug little council house at a subsidised rent for him yet. Perhaps he could work up a bit of influence with the housing committee—if he wasn't so conscientious.

And that brings me to my second point. What's all this about John Lewis's under-exercised conscience and a world without values, leading to the criticism that Mr. Amis "... hasn't prepared us for the scrupulosity in his odious hero which refuses to be the beneficiary of a 'fiddle'"? John Lewis is working his conscience hard but inefficiently all

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through the story. He wonders if he must have an unworkable character. He worries about applying for the job he knows his older colleague wants and needs (but he needs it, too, if only to get out of his nasty little flat), repeatedly tries to draw out of his affair with Elizabeth (and who makes most of the running there?), and finally gets his conscience to work effectively on his conduct when he realises he's become a hanger-on of Elizabeth and her rich and influential husband.

John Lewis certainly isn't a moral giant but are his failings peculiar to the world of the Welfare State (whatever that may mean) or, more accurately, to the society of a large South Welsh town any time in the last thirty years or more?

59 Marston Street, EDMUND COONEY
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SOMETHING OF VALUE

SIR,—I have obtained the views of a number of people from all walks of life in Kenya on the merits of *Something of Value.*

With only one exception, they have all deplored the book, and are convinced that it will do much harm, for the following reasons:

Its wildly distorted description of social life in Kenya: there are, here as in all countries, those who practise dissipation in its various forms, but they are neither representative of, nor admired by, the majority of decent ordinary men and women who have made their homes here.

Its accent on European arrogance towards Africans and the sickening repetition of that unpleasant word "Wog." This, too, is anything but representative, and may spread an entirely wrong impression of race relations in Kenya today.

Such imaginary descriptions as that of a "savage," (Mr. Ruark's word) assisting a European woman at her bath, which is an insult to the natural dignity of the African and the natural modesty of the European and reflects no credit on the type of imagination from which it springs.

Its exaggeration of the extent to which Mau Mau, terrible as it is, has affected the Colony from a long-term point of view (much of what is described is already, thank God, out of date).

Its emphasis on the sensational side of Kenya's present problems, whilst the tremendous advances in the field of reconstruction and rehabilitation are ignored.

The suggestion that it has been the practice of Europeans in Kenya to murder African women and children in cold blood.

The superficiality of its research, which although admittedly extensive, contains many inaccuracies.

Its unpleasant tone, which seems to indicate a wish to dwell on the sordid and the cruel—and to invent where the truth falls short in this respect—without seeking to achieve anything thereby: unless it be to titillate the diseased type of mind which enjoys the modern horror comic.

Nairobi. ELIZABETH MONTGOMERY CAMPBELL

BRITISH THEATRE

SIR,—It is rather sticking one's neck out to challenge Charles Landstone on any aspect of the theatre but I do feel it is time a small voice was raised to oppose the accepted idea that this is a "lean period" for play writing. It must be discouraging for the playwrights whose work is being performed today to be treated as though they did not exist. As for this "very rich period we have just had"—when exactly was this? The records from 1900-1939 hardly seem to indicate it, and surely it was not the late nineteenth century.

It seems to me that the present time could only be called "lean" if one would so describe the tight promise of a bud and I am confident that when some or all of such writers as Peter Ustinov, John Whiting, Bridget Boland, Denis Cannan and Roger MacDougal arrive at their full stature, the British Theatre is going to flower magnificently.

In the meantime, with regular plays from T. S. Eliot, Christopher Fry and N. C. Hunter, practically continuous Terence Rattigan and a new Priestley coming up, is it really fair to call this a "breathing space for new writing"?

7 Colet Gardens, W.14. M. C. LEONARD

LORD HORDER

SIR,—Among the many descriptions of Lord Horder's virtues and achievements, only one that I have seen has mentioned his courage and farsightedness in connection with family planning, and the great interest he took in the question of population control on a global scale. In 1930 when a small group of us decided to form a national association for the promotion of family planning, or birth control as it was then called, we dared to approach Lord Horder to ask him to be our President. He consented at once, and in the absence of any professional or official support, he gave his name and influence to the Family Planning Association.

During the 25 years since then he has done us innumerable services, in writing, speaking, taking the chair at Conferences, in making himself available for advice and encouragement whenever called upon.

The F.P.A. mourns his departure, and wishes to put on public record its most lively sense of gratitude and admiration for its illustrious first President.

HELENA WRIGHT, M.B., B.S.

9 Weymouth Street,
W.1.

IRAQI STUDENTS

SIR,—You published a letter from Mr. L. El-Kadhi on July 23 in reply to our letter of July 16, in which we pointed out that Iraqi Government Scholars undertake in their scholarship contracts not to engage in political activities, and that this undertaking is required in order to ensure that the scholars devote their time entirely to their studies. Mr. El-Kadhi is an example of the type of student whose conduct led the Iraqi Government to seek this undertaking.

He became a Government scholarship student in 1950 and has since then been an active member of the Iraqi Students' Society which the Iraqi Government no longer recognises. In the academic field, however, his progress has been most unsatisfactory: after joining the Scholarship Scheme, he went successively from 1951-54 to three different colleges; in each case he was obliged to withdraw because of inadequate work and irregular attendance. Now, five years after becoming a Government Scholar he has only just completed first-year work, and his examination results for this year show a failure in one subject, while his report contains a comment on his poor attendance.

Mr. El-Kadhi has taken up a place in the Scholarship Scheme which might have been allotted to a student who would have applied himself to his academic work and would probably have a degree by now.

On the question of "permission to reside abroad," the Iraqi Government has the legal powers to prevent any Iraqi citizen from leaving Iraq, and also to recall any Iraqi citizen from abroad. The fact that an Iraqi student resident abroad has certain political views and connections does not exempt him from obeying Iraqi law.

A. H. HILLI,
Iraqi Embassy. *Cultural Attaché*

THE MONKEY-PUZZLE TREE

SIR,—Surely Francis Huxley is less than fair to his great ancestor? The evidence of T. H. Huxley's friends is clear that he had a deep sense of religion and a considerable understanding of it: he displayed characteristic self-understanding when he described himself to Galton as having "a profound religious tendency capable of fanaticism, but tempered by no less profound theological scepticism."

Then, it should be remembered, his statement about "the absolute justice of the system of things" was in a heartbroken letter to Kingsley on the occasion of the death of his first-born, Noel—and how many of us, on such an occasion, would pen words so calmly considered as to provide a basis for philosophical assessment a century later? And, when Francis Huxley writes "Evolution was thus put into the service of the Protestant cause, and became known by its all too Victorian name of Progress," might it not have been fairer to add that of all the Victorian biologists T. H. Huxley was the one who most insistently asserted that evolution could be retrogression? CYRIL BIBBY

14 The Avenue,
Chipping Barnet.

BOOKS IN GENERAL

Reason and Experience

> *"Croyez-vous qu'on ne souffre pas d'être tutoyé sans raison un siècle durant?"*

THIS is one of the most interesting sentences in the current special number of the *Political Quarterly*[*], which has the title "The Revolt Against Reason"; and it is certainly much more interesting than the miscellaneous speculations which Mr. Nathan has called *Retreat from Reason*[†]. The remark was addressed to a French officer by Mr. Ngo-van-Chieu, and is quoted in his *Journal d'un Combattant Viet-Minh*, which Mr. Quentin Bell reviews in the *Quarterly*. Amidst so much abstract essay-writing, one is suddenly recalled to experience; a scene is presented to the imagination and the political issues become clearer.

It is so natural to discourse on the spirit of the age and on present discontents in slogans and abstract phrases; it is a journalistic pastime. Is there a Revolt against Reason? What has happened to the Liberal tradition? Throw in a few quotations from Nietzsche and Sartre, and then the pattern may be arranged as one chooses. This is Mr. Nathan's method. The sentence quoted is a reminder that no man—or few men—actually choose between faith and reason, or between materialism and spiritual values; and that they would be misguided if they did. They choose between the Churches and political parties that they have seen in action around them, and between the habits and manners, the attitudes of mind and means of expression, which they have watched and understood at home. The Churches and parties consisted of men whom they came to love or to hate, to follow or to reject, partly at least for reasons which cannot be stated in abstract terms, since they were found in many such details of behaviour, style and expression. A creed or political theory may be false, even though most of those who act in accordance with it in fact act admirably. But anyone must, as a matter of consistency, reject a religious doctrine, or a political theory, if he admits that it prescribes, or encourages, types of behaviour which in practice seem to him wrong or disgusting. This is why fiction may sometimes show the falsity of creeds and political programmes with a power much greater than argument. The great refutations are found in imaginative literature and in history, when the significance of abstract phrases appears in imagined or actual experience. Marxism has been exposed as a false theory, false in its deductions and promises, by reported and reconstructed experience of the kind of life that it engenders, rather than by demonstrations of its errors of theory. And now, however sound the reasons for continuing Colonial rule may often seem in theory, some of them at least collapse before Mr. Ngo-van-Chieu's detail of experience. Experience consists of details, and political and moral theories are confirmed or refuted in experience.

But perhaps the argument at this point itself seems one more "retreat from reason," a contempt of logic and argument. What is the domain of reason? A definition is needed. First, reason is logic, calculation, the deduction of conclusions from premises in accordance with explicit rules. Mathematics is the product of reason alone, and every science is the product of reason (mathematics) and of observation. This is the narrow definition. Any society which allowed a retreat from reason, in this narrow sense, would soon disappear; we survive only by calculation and mathematical reasoning. There is not, and cannot be, any retreat here. But then wider definitions are suggested, and these form the shifting ground on which philosophers have always manœuvred. It may be suggested that we are using reason whenever we are in a position to give reasons for a conclusion; any connected argument about moral and political problems is therefore an exercise of reason. Given this second definition, we are revolting against reason when we altogether refuse to argue about moral and political questions and, like some existentialists at some times, claim that mere gratuitous choice is enough, or, like Lawrence in Mr. Nathan's quotations, appeal to instincts and to unconscious needs. But this second definition may be thought too wide, since not all argument is rational argument; a superstitious man may give a reason, but he may be irrational in accepting his reason as a good reason. There is a third, and traditional, definition: we are using reason whenever we try to show that a particular conclusion, whatever it may be, can be deduced from some more general statement, or principle, which has been shown to be true, or to be otherwise acceptable, independently of this particular case. To exercise reason is, first, to ask the question "Why?", and, secondly, to interpret this question as equivalent to "What is the general rule applicable to this particular case?" Reasoners are men who look for general rules. If we accept this third definition, the contemporary revolt or retreat, if there is one, must be a growing disinclination to justify particular decisions by appeal to general principles, whether in morals, politics or criticism.

It seems to me clear that there is a retreat from reason, so understood: also that contemporary philosophy is partly responsible, although Mr. Wollheim denies the charge in his article "Modern Philosophy and Unreason." In politics neither the Right nor the Left at present tries to justify its policies by appeals to general principle; the typical arguments of today are arguments of particular expediency, of the measures necessary to meet local and temporary difficulties, and Burke and Bagehot have more disciples than Paine. As the Left is traditionally the party of principle, this is a symptom of that "Revulsion to the Right" which Mr. Annan moderately deplores in his article. Secondly, there are few moral philosophers, as Mr. Wollheim observes, who would now follow Kant, Bentham and Mill in formulating some general principle of conduct held to be applicable in every circumstance. They stress rather the variety of principle and circumstance and the impossibility of generalising. In criticism, few would now follow Fry, Berenson and I. A. Richards in trying to define the essential quality of æsthetic enjoyment. Serious critics may even doubt whether art forms a single domain of human interest, and therefore whether there is any possibility of an inclusive æsthetic theory. They are more ready than ever before to insist on irreconcilable differences of intention in the different phases of art, and therefore to discard general principles both of interpretation and of appraisal. Lastly, contemporary philosophers take pride in having no overriding theories, and in reducing any large philosophical problem to a cluster of little problems, each finely discriminated. Bertrand Russell and the Vienna Circle were the last of the rationalists who, each following a single principle, tried to draw one complete map of the whole field of possible knowledge. Their successors prefer to notice that each type of argument has its own peculiar logic, and they conclude that the possible variety of logical forms is indefinite and could not ever be circumscribed. Philosophical advances, it is claimed, will in the future come from that unregulated insight, which seizes on significant details, rather than from following some rational method in an attempt to solve all problems at once; not "Always connect," but rather "Always distinguish."

There is a pride in making distinctions, as there is a pride in finding an underlying unity; the first may be called the pride of insight, the second of reason. If to be rational is to follow a general method, as Dr. Bronowski and Mr. Wollheim suggest, then the complete rationalist would treat all problems alike, whether they were moral or scientific, æsthetic or technical. In the enthusiasm of the Enlightenment there were in fact men who looked forward to a time when all problems, including personal and moral ones, would be solved by some uniform scientific method. This rationalist hope is dead; but whether the reaction has now gone too far is a difficult question. Perhaps the question would not arise if we were living in a time of great literary invention, among men of imagination who, each in their own way, were upsetting moral complacency. But we are not; there are, I think, few living writers who, in criticism of society, now excite the interest of the young as did Lawrence, Forster, Isherwood, Auden, Malraux and others before the last war.

So, in a dry season, demands are sometimes made upon philosophers; they are asked to stop their quibbling, and to come forward with a definite *Weltanschauung*. When they do point to a *Weltanschauung*, freshly minted in Cambridge or Oxford, they are rightly told that it is too abstract, too general, too formal, to be applicable to ordinary experience. But philosophy always, and necessarily, becomes more and more abstract, general and formal; it cannot, by design, be otherwise. For this reason philosophical speculation on liberty or self-government, or the rights of Colonial peoples, seems rather vacuous and remote when placed alongside some concrete picture of conditions

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[*] *The Political Quarterly—Special Number: The Revolt Against Reason. Turnstile Press.* 7s. 6d.

[†] *Retreat from Reason.* By PETER NATHAN. *Heinemann.* 15s.

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of life in Indo-China or Africa; right and wrong here have to be discerned by experience or imaginative sympathy. Conversely, literary intuitions about the One and the Many, or about the verification principle, seem flaccid and irrelevant unless they have some basis in formal argument; for here consistency and clarity are the only ends, the whole purpose of the inquiry.

It is depressing, therefore, to follow Mr. Nathan through a no-man's-land which is neither perceptive criticism nor consecutive argument. He is particularly crude in writing about Lawrence, who is always a test of criticism, since the critic is required to separate the wonderful perceptions in the stories and novels from the simplicities of some of his doctrines. Mr. Nathan's plea for reason really seems no more than the demand that all writing should be prose, and also healthy, normal prose. He is the kind of rationalist who is frightened of magic, who sees any original power over language as the mark of a witch-doctor, or who does not see it at all. This seems to me a bad book, embarrassing in its dogmatism. The special number of the *Political Quarterly* is always interesting, but unfortunately it can take little notice of contemporary literature. And it is in literature, in changes of prevailing style, that the alternation between reason and its complements has always appeared most clearly. It seems a necessity of development that an abstract and improving style should produce a reaction in favour of imaginative and concrete description, and that Russell and Lawrence should always each misunderstand the other. There would be grounds for despair at any time when neither a Russell nor a Lawrence existed, when neither was understood. Then we should jog along in a sensible, business-like way, as the new conservatives wish, neither questioning general principles nor moved to notice kinds of experience not already recorded in language. The initiative would then have passed to the Viet-Minh, and we should have become a respectable outpost of Scandinavia, an island off north-west Europe.

STUART HAMPSHIRE

The Echoing Cave

"There is a third realm." Plato's wrist
Beat softly in the catacomb.
Six withered words burst into bloom:
"I think, and therefore I exist."
So Descartes. But the spreading gloom
Diffused his wisdom like a mist.

"The present hath no space. How, then,"
(Augustine thought), "can time be long?"
Religion gave the answer wrong.
The wits were dull. For common men
Time's razor edge seemed sharp and strong.
The decimation, ten in ten.

"Substance is something, but I know
Not what," said Locke. But Occam knew:
"See that your premises be few."
Locke's matter came to nothing. So
Did Newton's apple, eaten through.
Still the frail heart swung to and fro.

The shadows dance. The years in line
Wheel past the sceptical who scoff,
The bold who see the sun far-off.
Smoke chokes the eyes, chains cramp the spine.
"Whereof man cannot speak, thereof
Man should be silent." Wittgenstein.

GEORGE MACBETH

Aspects of the U.S.S.R.

Russian Frenzy. By W. E. R. PIDDINGTON. *Elek.* 16*s.*

Devil on my Shoulder. By HANS BECKER. *Jarrolds.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Red Carpet. By MARSHALL MACDUFFIE. *Cassell.* 18*s.*

The publisher frankly describes the experiences which Mr. Piddington records in his book as "incredible." This seems to me a little severe. I see no reason to doubt Mr. Piddington's own account of himself as a young soldier who arrived in Germany when the war was coming to a close, longed for heroic adventures, made unauthorised raids into Berlin, captured a car full of German officers, and was reprimanded for various other undisciplined escapades. I also believe him when he says that, after being demobilised, he went back to Berlin without a Soviet visa to find his girl friend, and was picked up by the Russians and charged with espionage. Dramatically he describes the Soviet officers who interrogated him as "madmen." Why is not clear, since in any country in the world an ex-soldier who makes this kind of illicit entrance into frontier territory would be at once suspected of spying. If he then, like Mr. Piddington, told a lot of obvious lies, he would undoubtedly find himself in prison. If again, like Mr. Piddington, he set about, in time of peace, committing as many acts of sabotage as possible he would not be released. His book is incredible only in the sense that it purports to give precise, verbatim accounts of conversations, arguments, and interrogations that occurred years ago; it records, in many cases, the precise type of upper cut or kick in the stomach with which Mr. Piddington found it necessary to knock out one or more Russians who tried to tackle him. For him to seize two Russian guards and stun them by knocking their heads together was the work of a moment. In short, what could be an interesting account of the terrible conditions in Russian prisons and camps in Siberia is reduced to the level of a Super-man strip in an American Horror Comic.

Mr. Hans Becker's account of Russian camps is of a very different order. It is, unfortunately, not incredible. Mr. Becker begins his narrative as a member of Hitler's army in Russia. He took part, perforce, in the most terrible mass executions recorded in history and he describes in all too credible detail the cultivated sadism by which German soldiers were encouraged to humiliate Slav men and women. His own opinion was that many Soviet citizens would have been easily persuaded to co-operate with their German conquerors if Hitler's policy had not been one of murder, loot, rape, torture and devastation. As it was, the Russian peasants were compelled to become guerillas, and, in the long run, it was they who made the life of the German soldier in Russia impossible.

Becker became a prisoner, and carefully differentiates between the Soviet prisons and camps to which he was sent. He pays tribute to the decency of some of the guards, and to the fine conduct of women doctors in the appalling Siberian conditions. He also gives examples of brutal beatings, and, above all, of the terrifying domination of organised bandits in many of the Soviet prison camps. These bandits ruled absolutely; they divided amongst the almost starving prison population all the food that came in parcels from home, took care of those whom they favoured, murdered those who flouted them, and completely terrorised the guards. Mr. Becker's story of Soviet prisons is terrible, but it is, I am sure, the record of a truthful man.

Mr. MacDuffie's book is about those aspects of the Soviet Union which can be seen by those who obtain a visa. As an ex-Unrra official who had served in Russia in 1946, he was able, through the good offices of Krushchev, to obtain a visa and make an extensive tour of the U.S.S.R. Those who have read other travel books about

Soviet Russia will not find very much that is new, but they will welcome a factual and agreeably written account of life as a liberal American saw it, not only in Moscow, but in Minsk, Kiev, the Urals, and Samarkand. He records conversations, food prices, conditions in towns, villages, and in the countryside; he was invited to Soviet homes, and though, as he says, he did not lose any of his "loathing" of Communism, he finds something to praise as well as much to criticise. He had a great deal of fun taking the numerous photographs that are reproduced in the book; everywhere the MVD first tried to interfere whenever he lifted his camera, and were then polite when they saw his documents. Marshal Bulganin has still a good deal to do before security regulations in Russia are modified to make normal tourism possible. Mr. MacDuffie was impressed, as any perceptive traveller must be, with the intense longing for peace in the Soviet Union, and depressed by the atrocity propaganda in the Soviet press, which can only have the effect of preparing the public mind for war. He noted the contrast of new technological efficiency with traditional Russian inefficiency, found most of the people cheerful, full of vitality, and by no means terrorised, and he concludes with the remark of an Englishman who, having seen much of the Soviet Union, said that he thought Russia "better than most Englishmen think it is, but not nearly so good as most Russians think it is."

KINGSLEY MARTIN

Sartre as a Critic

Literary and Philosophical Essays. By JEAN-PAUL SARTRE. Translated by ANNETTE MICHELSON. *Rider.* 18*s.*

Most critics are neither philosophers nor practising novelists. M. Sartre, who is a professional philosopher as well as an eminent novelist and dramatist, is unusually well-equipped, according to formal categories, to be a critic also. And not according to formal categories only, for he has an exceptionally penetrating and energetic mind. The rhythm of his thought is disconcertingly rapid; the density of ideas per square foot of 12-point text seems higher than in all but the most strenuous of American critics. The very rich are different from us, as Scott Fitzgerald reminded Hemingway. M. Sartre makes us sadly conscious that the very clever, also, are different from us.

We may cheer up, however--as the stupid have always cheered up on observing the silliness of the clever—when we realise that M. Sartre, for all his formidable equipment and natural gifts, makes a rather poor critic. His tendency is, in considering the work of an author—Mauriac, Dos Passos, Giraudoux, Faulkner, Blanchot, Kafka—to make a kind of incision by means of a single acute observation, whether technical or philosophical or both, and then to develop the "consequences" of that observation by carving the work into an independent structure of which the segments correspond to his own preoccupations rather than to the natural grain of the work itself. His is an imperialist criticism which, after an initial daring raid, annexes to itself a spiritual territory and imposes its own laws without regard to the wishes or the customs of the original inhabitants, or the coherence of their society. So, in his essay "François Mauriac and Freedom"—which deals not with M. Mauriac's work as a whole but with one unsuccessful novel *La Fin de la Nuit*, presented as typical—he attacks by demonstrating the sleight of hand which M. Mauriac practises by his use of the third person, in gliding almost imperceptibly from a "Thérèse-subject" (to the interior of whose mind we are admitted) to a "Thérèse-object" on whom the author passes judgment from time to time. This analysis, which is clearly and effectively conducted, is followed by the dogmatic statement:

> Fictional beings have their laws, the most rigorous of which is the following: the novelist may be either their witness or their accomplice, but never both at the same time.

From this the conclusion that M. Mauriac is not a novelist follows logically. But it is the second premise which remains questionable. Is there, in fact, a "law" which always forces the novelist to choose between being a witness and an accomplice? Are there not many other distinguished writers who, like Mauriac, have broken this "law" and who must therefore be rejected as pseudo-novelists? Do not most novelists, including M. Sartre, find ways, no doubt often much less crude than those of *La Fin de la Nuit*, of moving in and out of their characters' minds and also of implying the existence and the judgment of a privileged observer, God, history or the right-thinking man? Such questions are not considered, and we are left with the impression that M. Sartre took intellectual advantage of an opening in a sententious work of M. Mauriac's decline, in order to upset the elder writer's authority over the young and to establish as "law" a theory of his own.

The same critic who considers that M. Mauriac is not a novelist at all regards Mr. John Dos Passos as "the greatest writer of our time". M. Sartre writes with obvious excitement about Mr. Dos Passos—whom, significantly, he compares with French writers, Zola, Proust, Nizan, but never with Joyce—but his excitement is in part the romantic excitement about the exotic, and in part the novelist's excitement at a discovery useful to him in his own work. He writes of Dos Passos's characters as existing "behind the looking-glass" but it is apparent that this condition is not always so much the product of the American novelist's consummate art as of the French critic's over-ingenious efforts at comprehension. He quotes, for example, a passage from *1919*:

> Miss Teazle said he showed real feeling for English composition. One Christmas he sent her a little rhyme he made up about the Christ Child and the Three Kings and she declared he had a gift.

On which M. Sartre's gloss follows:

> The narration takes on a slightly stilted manner and everything that is reported about the hero assumes the solemn quality of a public pronouncement: . . . "she *declared* he had a gift." The sentence is not accompanied by any comment, but acquires a sort of collective resonance. It is a *declaration*.

Well, I declare! M. Sartre would be scathing indeed about an American critic who might be rash enough to "explain", on the basis of a misunderstood inflection, a point of style in French. But in general, and not only in dealing with the English language, M. Sartre's ear seems to be bad; in particular the whole range of effects which we cover with the term "sense of humour" seems to be closed to him, although he handles the weapon of irony efficiently enough. Amateurs of misunderstood pleasantries will delight in his chapter "Jean Giraudoux and the Philosophy of Aristotle", which presents the spectacle of a playful pedant being pursued, very rightly, by a solemn pedant.

The present collection contains, as well as critical essays, a number of travel pieces on America and three philosophical essays. The travel pieces resemble the critical essays in their range from the brilliantly perceptive to the merely bumptious. There is a notable picture of a Frenchman turning into an American ("I felt as if I were witnessing an Ovidian metamorphosis. The man's face was still too expressive. It had retained the slightly irritating mimicry of intelligence which makes a French face recognisable anywhere. But he will soon be a tree or a rock.") And then, a little later, we have some Pooter-like reflections on the American economy:

> The war has certainly taught the Americans that their country was the greatest power in the world. But the period of easy living is over; many economists fear a new depression. Thus no more skyscrapers are being built. It seems they are too hard to rent. (1946).

To philosophers the most interesting essay in

"It is no exaggeration to say that we have lost the richest as well as the deepest of living novelists, and posterity may well discover in the works of Mann a genius more universal, yet more intimately representative of his age, than that of any novelist in the last half century."
Philip Toynbee in The Observer.

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THOMAS MANN

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the book will no doubt be that on "Cartesian freedom" (here undated). M. Sartre's tendency to "annex" takes a rather startling form in this essay, since he actually takes over, for his own variety of "humanism," the Cartesian "freedom of God":

> If he [Descartes] conceived divine freedom as being quite like his own freedom, then it is of his own freedom, such as he would have conceived it without the fetters of Catholicism and dogmatism, that he speaks when he describes the freedom of God. We have here an obvious phenomenon of sublimation and transposition.

Of the final essay, "Materialism and Revolution" (1946), it is necessary to say that it by no means represents M. Sartre's full thought on these subjects. His rejection of Marxist philosophy is shown here, but his philosophical acceptance—indeed virtual deification—of the Communist party (*Les Communistes et la Paix*) is not included. M. Sartre's very complicated thinking on this matter has been well analysed in M. Merleau-Ponty's recent work *Les Aventures de la Dialectique.*

DONAT O'DONNELL

Art Books

Impressionism. By JEAN LEYMARIE. *Skira: Zwemmer.* 2 vols. 35*s.* each.

Tiepolo. By ANTONIO MORASSI. *Phaidon.* 42*s.*

Mantegna. By E. TIETZE-CONRAT. *Phaidon* 42*s.*

Treasures of the Great National Galleries. By HANS TIETZE. *Phaidon.* 35*s.*

Leonardo da Vinci: Selected Drawings from Windsor Castle. Introduction by SIR KENNETH CLARK. *Phaidon.* 15*s.*

In this pile of glossy books there are two which thoroughly justify themselves, the two volumes containing M. Leymarie's excellent essay on Impressionism and a large number of small colour plates. The plates (some of which have appeared in this series before) are reasonable in quality. The choice might have been improved a little at some points and almost all the comparative material which is illustrated would be willingly exchanged for a detail from Delacroix—a detail of the drops of water, collecting and scattering the light, on the tormented body that lies against Dante's barque. But few publishers could make 115 reproductions with so few failures among them: the technical achievement of Skira remains remarkable.

Capital Punishment?

On March 9, 1950, Timothy Evans was executed for the murder of his baby daughter

The author of *The Man on Your Conscience* has spent nearly two years of detailed and exhaustive investigation into the facts of the Evans case. These facts speak for themselves in this book. They prove, beyond any reasonable possibility of doubt, that Timothy Evans was innocent of the crime for which he was executed. It is now too late to bring justice to Timothy Evans but his fate raises questions of serious public interest which demand an answer from the authorities.

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An investigation of the Evans Murder Trial by MICHAEL EDDOWES

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The text is even better. No general historical introduction exists that is so reliable or so readable. On several points, on the relationship with England in particular, M. Leymarie sets an example in the balanced use of evidence. He provides, in fact, just what was popularly needed about what is now the most popular of all schools of painters. A fiercely *avant-garde* dissection which will leave the Impressionists without a shred of serious repute may be expected in the near future.

The large Phaidon series bound in red (a signal, usually, that the great firm has done its best) has set a high standard and the Tiepolo is a disappointment. Signor Morassi, who has little to add to his book of twelve years ago, provides a rather dull introduction in the conventional manner: the *catalogue raisonnée* is postponed till next time. He refers to his success in distinguishing Gianbattista from Domenico, but a number of the works he illustrates seem to be on the border if not beyond it. The choice of plates (printed in a greenish gravure) is odd: as if to repair the fact an almost equal number of equally important pictures appear (in half-tone) as text-figures, looking uncomfortably like an afterthought. Some readers may be foxed at the outset; figures 1 and 3 are muddled up. After studying the book one finds that the artist is no more sympathetic than before. Tiepolo had abundant style, but at root he had no subject. Nothing that he represented mattered in itself. The ostensible subjects were incidental: the artist's attention was on something else—on the ultimate sophistication of a characteristically Venetian attitude. Between Carpaccio and Guardi the basic subject of much Venetian painting was Venice: Tiepolo's theme, the real subject that he represented, was Venetian painting itself. One is arrested, time and again, by the force of the reminiscence—the fugitive, nostalgic handwriting and the colour which is a shining distillation of all the light and colour of the school—but never by any conviction, or any love but a kind of stylistic narcissism, mirror-love.

Mantegna is treated in the smaller Phaidon format and cased in the canvas binding which habitually covers the less ambitious issues of the house. Although the book is one to be thankful for (there is no better) this is surely a pity. Mantegna required lavish treatment, treatment as generous as that given, for example, to Zurbaran. Mantegna shows much of his character in the detail of his style, and many more detail photographs were needed. Some new illustrations of the ceiling of the Camera degli Sposi are valuable but more and bigger plates of the major works would have been more welcome. Some of the greatest of Mantegna's work now exists in photographs only: a particular responsibility rests on publishers. And details might have helped the reader to do justice to the works of his last and stoniest phase. Anyone who looks closely at the *Triumph of Scipio* in the National Gallery must suspect that such pictures, which critics agree in disliking, are the most underrated of the Renaissance. There is room for a grander book about Mantegna, and for a more substantial critical estimate than Mrs. Tietze's. For the moment this book is useful.

It is difficult to decide for whom the Phaidon "Treasures" are intended. Introduced by the late Hans Tietze, whose text nearly, but not quite, forms a serious study of national collecting, the great part of the book consists of illustrations of the most commonly illustrated pictures in the world, with some uneven colour plates, not all of them new. As a popular souvenir, it is probably less acceptable than the collections of plates which national galleries themselves put out. Few of those who want such a book, and not many serious students, will find much to their purpose in the text.

Phaidon are, very reasonably, serving in a series of albums the popular cream of the Windsor drawings, which are being presented in bulk in their great catalogues. The Leonardo book, impeccably and shortly introduced, provides an excellent range of large half-tone plates: a number of them have been used before in a similar and more interesting collection devoted to Leonardo's landscapes and plants. Soon blocks will have been made of everything and art publishing, permuting and combining, will really get into its stride.

LAWRENCE GOWING

Back to the Trenches

Atomic Weapons and Armies. By F. O. MIKSCHE. *Faber.* 25*s.*

Clausewitz said somewhere that war resembled neither an art nor a science, but rather a gigantic and muddled business undertaking. Certainly one of the most difficult and thankless tasks which military specialists have to share with business men is the need to predict the conditions of a changeable future, and to plan far in advance to meet it. The Board of Directors which plans wrongly involves the whole concern in ruin, as miscalculating Chiefs of Staff can bring about defeat and revolution. Military prophets are usually remembered for their mistakes: one recalls the confident predictions, before 1914, about the increasing need for cavalry, and the curious blindness to the value of armour before 1939. But they have included in their ranks a few men such as Guibert, de Bloch and Fuller whose penetration amounted to genius; and the majority have been sane and well-trained men, imaginative enough to see the possibilities of new weapons, yet disciplined—usually over-disciplined—by the thorough grounding in logistics which distinguishes the professional from the amateur strategist.

It is to this last group that Colonel Miksche belongs. He is that rarest and most useful of experts, a practising staff-officer who is in a position to make his views public. The detailed problems involved in the conduct of atomic war are being studied and discussed, under conditions of great secrecy, by the planning departments of every War Office in the world, and to these harassed experts Colonel Miksche will be saying nothing that is new. But to the general public he says a great deal. This is in fact the first serious attempt to forecast how the next war will be fought in the field, and in any informed discussion of defence policy its conclusions must be taken into account.

Apart from Colonel Miksche's own reputation, this book offers two guarantees that it will not be swept into the comic limbo of debunked prophesy: first, the care with which the author analyses the general trend in warfare during the last hundred years, and especially the lessons of 1939-45; and secondly, the meticulous scrupulousness with which he supports his arguments with logistical sums. His remarks about the Second World War are particularly salutary. Any general who still thinks in terms of an armoured breakthrough, he maintains, is fighting, not even the last war, but the last war but one. By 1944 the tactics of the Blitzkrieg had been effectively countered. The Germans in Italy and Normandy had reduced allied attacks to a slow and bloody advance through minefields, strong-points and anti-tank defences; a few more aircraft would have made them yet slower. It was only an air superiority of 30 to 1 that made possible the spectacular advances with which Patton and De Lattre wound up the war—advances maintained by long, vulnerable supply columns which choked half the roads in Europe.

And such a margin of superiority, in any future war, neither side can hope to have.

The development of the tank and the aircraft, in fact, imposed a purely temporary check to the growing power of the defence; a power which had steadily increased since the invention of the breech-loading rifle and the machine-gun first gave the man under cover so decisive an advantage over the man advancing in the open. With the invention of the atom-bomb, reasons Colonel Miksche, that power has now increased a hundredfold. His argument, briefly, is this. With the developing power of the defence, the only hope of attacking successfully has lain in building up ever larger concentrations of force to overwhelm the defenders at a single point. It is against precisely these concentrations that the tactical A-weapon will be used with most devastating effect. Defensive positions, dug-in and dispersed, are far less vulnerable to atomic attack than are the huge collections of men, vehicles, guns and supplies which must be formed before any attack can begin. It is just conceivable that, with enormous difficulty, such a concentration could be built up in secret, and mount a successful assault. The role of the A-weapon is then to make the ground impassable for supply-columns coming up, and thus neatly to slice off its head.

The result which Colonel Miksche foresees is therefore a stalemate; a return to trench-warfare at the front while the belligerents use their A-weapons against the enemy's home front to weaken his will to resist. As in 1915, military stalemate will lead, not to peace, but to the nastiest sort of total war, and with the conduct and implications of this Colonel Miksche does not attempt to deal. Quite rightly: that is not the province of the army staff-officer. He has given us an expert report on the department under his care; it is not for him to tell us what decisions we should now make.

MICHAEL HOWARD

Verse Drama

The Hidden King. A Poem for the Stage in the Form of a Trilogy. By JONATHAN GRIFFIN. *Secker & Warburg.* 21*s.*

A Match for the Devil. By NORMAN NICHOLSON. *Faber.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Death of Satan. By RONALD DUNCAN. *Faber.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Orpheus and Eurydice. By SYDNEY GOODSIR SMITH. *M. MacDonald, Edinburgh.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

It is probably a mistake to equate the idea of the poetic element in modern drama with the idea of the use of verse. Certain classics of what one might call "poetic realism"—*The Wild Duck, The Three Sisters, The Plough and the Stars, John Bull's Other Island*—are, it seems to me, not only better plays but more genuinely poetic than anything yet produced in the revived verse tradition deriving from Mr. Eliot and Mr. Fry. Their poetry lies in the mating of structure and texture, in a combination of deep symbolic grasp with closeness to life; but the poetry of too many recent verse plays consists of an excessively abstract symbolism—the Chinese vases and the secret gardens (ruthlessly transplanted from *Four Quartets*) of *The Confidential Clerk*—with a rather showy verbal ornamentation, like Mr. Christopher Fry's, and a handling of more or less morality-play-type characters in the flat.

Mr. Griffin, here, who is least distinctively a poet—whose verse is supple, but never memorable—has nevertheless more grasp of what is essentially dramatic in a situation than the other three writers. His theme might seem a very abstract one (the theme that true kingship must be based on sacrifice); but his characters have a kind of Browningesque vivacity and queerness, they refuse either to become mere archetypes or mere excuses for picturesque exercises in historical "local colour." Yet he has not written an acting play. His trilogy sprawls over twenty years of

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the end of the sixteenth century, over Portugal, Venice, Spain, and various Italian Republics. His list of characters is enormous. Drastic cutting would still leave the basic pattern clear for, say, radio—but this is a radical formal criticism. Yet *The Hidden King* is alive, gripping, and moving.

In the other three dramatic poems (though Mr. Goodsir Smith's ~~M~~oretto is not, even at the level of verbal texture, one of his more notable performances), the words, for their own sake, sometimes do move me. It is a significant total meaning (such as Mr. Griffin does manage to sketch out, in however scrawly a way) that is missing. Hosea and Amos, the one a main, the other a minor character in *A Match for the Devil*, were eighth century B.C. Hebrew prophets. Hosea's first chapter tells how God told him to marry a whore, and to give her children various insulting names, as a symbol of the whoredoms of Israel; he has also homely metaphors from bakery, and there is a tradition that he was a baker. He mingles scolding with tenderness where Amos, a herdsman horrified by Hebrew city life, was almost solely a scold. In Mr. Nicholson's play Hosea is a baker, does really marry a temple prostitute, and buys her back from the temple when she returns to it—returns to it, of course, because the funny little Hosea, whom she really loves, gives her no daily chores to do and puts her too much on a pedestal. This is quite a touching little sentimental comedy, but I cannot see that it has anything at all to do with the depth of the Old Testament prophets.

Mr. Duncan's play is also a comedy. Don Juan is shut up in Hell with Byron, Wilde, and Shaw and is given by the Devil, who doesn't know what the damned are coming to, a furlough on earth to try to track down Doña Ana again. He finds her modern double, but she is a broad-minded, agnostic, liberal girl, who regards an occasional extra-marital romp as hygienic, so there would be no fun in seducing her. The true Don Juan needs God as a rival; Mr. Duncan's Don Juan even realises that he has clung to the image of Doña Ana because she clung to the image of her Redeemer, that he has loved God, under disguises, all along. When he returns, it is not perhaps really to Hell but to Purgatory. His three literary companions, at their endless card game, are on the other hand really in Hell; and damnation for them, now really beginning, proves to be a slow dimming out of the flickering lights they lived by. There are some neatly contrived "situations" in Mr. Duncan's play, but the paradoxes can be seen coming a long way ahead.

In Mr. Sydney Goodsir Smith's slight piece the cult of simplicity—though one should judge the words with the music—is carried a little far even for a defender of Lallans like myself:

Euridicie is gane! Euridicie is gane!
  Euridicie . . . is . . . gane!
  Gane . . . ! Gane . . . !

Gone, gone, like Eurydice, too, is (on the evidence, at least, of this random sample) any illusion that we are living on the verge of a new Elizabethan age of significant verse drama.

G. S. FRASER

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LAWRENCE & WISHART

The Romance of Spotting

Who Was Shakespeare? By H. AMPHLETT. *Heinemann.* 21*s.*

In 1848 a Mr. J. C. Hart published a book called *The Romance of Yachting*, in the course of which it occurred to him to ask, "Who were the able literary men who wrote the dramas imputed to Shakespere?" Some subsequent investigators have conceived the question to be ill-phrased, since it must lead us to neglect the claims of Queen Elizabeth, the Countess of Pembroke, and Anne Whatley of Temple Grafton. Others are content to assert that for "men" Hart should self-evidently have written "lords". Indeed nearly all those who would expose the Stratford clown have felt it natural to look for England's greatest poet in the very highest ranks of English society; and their publications are commonly embellished, as the present one is, with engravings of august persons prancing on horses, teaching the battle how to rage, presiding over exalted tribunals, or carrying the Sword of State on royal occasions. The dramatist, as Miss Amphlett succinctly puts it, was evidently "a nobleman of ancient and honourable lineage, shown by his knowledge of hawking, hunting, heraldry, etc."

Not that gentler accomplishments were lacking. "Fourthly he must have been fond of music," Miss Amphlett observes—and pertinently adds, "Where and when did William of Stratford learn music?" But Edward de Vere, 17th Earl of Oxford, was musical—and moreover possessed thirteen other attributes all pointing with an equal distinctness in the same direction. Mr. Thomas Looney knew this in 1921 when he published his *Shakespeare Identified*. Mr. and Mrs. Ogburn knew it when they wrote half a million words on the subject a year or two ago—a contribution, incidentally, which Miss Amphlett leaves unmentioned. All the members of the Shakespeare Fellowship know it. And a precious one half of the truth, at least, has been revealed to the supporters of Bacon, of Derby, of Rutland and the rest. What has prompted all this strange activity? It has been ingeniously suggested that Shakespeare, because of his absolute literary ascendancy, has assumed the guise of a father-figure, whom we have an instinct to overthrow ("He didn't write them at all") or at least to maim ("Chapman's hand is prominent throughout this deeply thoughtful scene"). Conceivably an odd potency has been exercised by the Droeshout engraving, with its almost uncanny suggestion of a dummy, and to a lesser degree by the bourgeois Buddha totting up his accounts in Stratford parish church. But the chief explanation is not far to seek. The achievement of the boy from the provincial grammar school was indeed astounding. And there are those who hate being astounded.

J. I. M. STEWART

New Novels

The Huge Season. By WRIGHT MORRIS. *Secker & Warburg.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Roman Wall. By BRYHER. *Collins.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Flame of the Forest. By SUDHIN N. GHOSE. *Michael Joseph.* 18*s.*

The very rich are different from us. What a deal of American fiction has been written around that dictum of Scott Fitzgerald's. The spoilt darling of the gods, the flawed playboy, the radiant young man born with all the silver spoon gifts except that of self-preservation—a line of memorable heroes testifies to the strength of the pattern. There was Dick Diver in *Tender is the Night*, Julian English in O'Hara's *Appointment in Samarra*, Mr. John Phillips's George Marsh in that remarkable first novel, *The Second Happiest Day*. Personally, it is a pattern of which I never grow weary. The theme of doomed American youth and "the lovely goddam year" has been responsible for a good deal of nostalgic sentimentalism, but at its best it has produced a type of fiction as elegiac and original as anything in contemporary literature. "You make a modern world and a modern orgy," wrote Gertrude Stein to the author of *The Great Gatsby*. If I have enjoyed Mr. Wright Morris's novel rather more than I ought, it is because it is written in this same high orgiastic tradition.

Charles Lawrence, heir to the Lawrence barbed wire empire, is a hero in the direct apostolic succession. He and his three college mates—Lundgren the athlete, Foley the scholar and Proctor the Jew—are a part (an all too self-conscious part) of the American Twenties dream. As Foley puts it:

> The great style, the habit of perfection, united George Herman Ruth and Jack Dempsey, Juan Belmonte and Jay Gatsby, and every man, anywhere, who stood alone with his own symbolic bull. He had his gesture, his moment of truth, or his early death in the afternoon.

Lawrence's moment of truth, his early death in the afternoon, determines his friends' lives. They hitch their waggons to his star and when he kills himself, the bottom falls out of their world. Henceforward they are shadows of themselves. "How explain that Lawrence, in whom the sun rose, and Proctor, in whom it set, were now alive in Foley, a man scarcely alive himself."

Mr. Morris has his share of pretentiousness and I cannot say that I find his hero or his main theme at all convincing. Lawrence is a tenuous figure. He fails to dominate, to impose his personality upon the reader as Fitzgerald's Dick Diver dominated the expatriate crowd on Gausse's beach. Besides, there are other drawbacks. Wit is a good servant but a bad master in the novel and Mr. Morris is a wit of the same order as Mr. Nigel Dennis. He cannot leave a wisecrack alone. His book is badly constructed and he is a tabulation-addict in the worst John O'Hara fashion:

> . . . Voice of party on the line like that of Lou Baker, Montana 1907, Sorbonne '29, free-lance pagan-Christian and girl about town, paranoid, Anglo-Irish, troubled in mind, Freudian before cocktails, Jungian when tight, sometimes drawn toward Schweitzer, then Eva Peron, rude to waitresses, salesgirls, and artists with beards, but great promoter of old and new masses, attracted to male Jews, hairy young men with good legal training, preferably Harvard, physical type prone to peanuts and growing bald early. . . .

Yet with all its faults, *The Huge Season* remains a distinguished novel. The hero is nebulous, the story all wrong, but the atmosphere, the setting, the nostalgia couldn't have been handled better. There's a phrase in Fitzgerald's essay "Echoes of the Jazz Age" that describes this book perfectly. He writes of "a ghostly rumble among the drums, an asthmatic whisper in the trombones that swings me back into the early Twenties when . . . every day in every way grew better and better . . . and people you didn't want to know said 'Yes, we have no bananas . . .'"

I missed Bryher's much acclaimed *Fourteenth* *of October* but I shall certainly read it now that I have read *Roman Wall*. This is certainly the best historical novel written this year. The time is A.D. 265 and the scene is the imperial frontier between the Rhine and the Alps. (Gibbonians would do well to look at Chapters x and xi before beginning the book.) The calarium pipe is broken, there are cracks in the mosaic pavement, the paintings in the atrium are hanging in strips. Through graft, stagnation, lack of manpower the empire is running down; meanwhile, the Alemanni are on the move, advancing towards the doomed city of Avicentum (Avenches, in the Pays de Vaud). Bryher describes the catastrophe in terms of the lives that it engulfs or spares—Valerius the frontier officer and his sister Julia; Felix the Christian; Demetrius the merchant; Vinodius the governor, Tullia his mistress, Thallus his steward.

All these characters are beautifully individualised; none of them could be called a stock type. Bryher writes with a fine effortlessness, a well-informed discretion and this, surely, is the secret of the good historical novel. Factual truth apart, her book has an extraordinarily verisimilitude of spirit. You feel she really does know what it was like to be dedicated to Apollo or to take part in the Mysteries. She knows how, even in those late days of the empire, *pietas* could take hold of a woman like Julia, how the Greeks in Italy hung together, how the Christianity of a slave like Felix could be warped at the outset:

> "They beat me, they beat me, not for stealing . . . but for touching a toy that had belonged to a Roman. I hate them . . . " he had screamed on, only submitting at the finish because he had been unable to endure the slow, quiet prayers a moment longer. No, nothing could wash such memories from his mind, nothing could give him peace. "But it was the world you wanted," the soft, maddening voice had continued, "you longed to be a legionary, and carry the eagles yourself." He had let the old man talk, he was used to concealing his feelings, but he had gone to the Christians for equality, not doctrine.

The historical novel is a specialised *genre*, but to those who, like myself, find nothing inherently false or unæsthetic about it, I cannot recommend this book too highly.

Finally, there is Mr. Sudhin Ghose, whose new volume of Calcutta adventures I must confess I found a great disappointment. Its predecessor, *The Vermilion Boat*, was a delightful book—wise, witty, romantic, garrulous, a superb blend of fantasy and realism. But in the present volume Mr. Ghose has given rein to all his stylistic vices. The garrulity has become a babble of words, the fantasy has turned into whimsy, the humour has degenerated into old-fashioned Babu jokery. At his best Mr. Ghose is a fine writer and this descent into mere facetiousness is a great pity.

JOHN RAYMOND

Gramophone Notes

STRAVINSKY and Schoenberg are to the fore. Stravinsky's *The Rake's Progress*, the most significant of post-war operas, is also one of the most enjoyable, filled with beauties that have afforded a keener, more intense pleasure on each hearing. A *Philips recording, made by the New York Metropolitan Opera cast under the composer's baton, is played, sung and recorded with just that sureness of definition which the music demands, the bewitching orchestral detail is exactly placed, never blurred or distorted. Though Eugene Conley, as Tom, misses the poetry with which Richard Lewis, at Glyndebourne, invests the role, he sings precisely, and in ringing, resolute tones. Mack Harrell brings richer shades of musical and dramatic meaning to the part of Shadow than any of its interpreters in this country have done. Hilde Güden is an acceptable Anne, but she makes little of Auden's words, so that her big scena fails to move us. A libretto, by the way, is obtainable from Boosey & Hawkes (2*s*. 6*d*.).

That Stravinsky is still the dominating figure in the lyric theatre of our time strikes one forcibly when, after hearing works by Orff, Henze or Egk, one returns to those masterpieces of the Twenties, *Œdipus Rex* and *Les Noces*. These, and *The Soldier's Tale* (an LP recording of which is long overdue) are the mainspring of the operas and ballets which sweep Germany today—and, indeed, all three of them still hold the German stage. (Let us hope that the Hamburg State Opera bring their *Strawinskyabend* with them when they visit Edinburgh next year.) A new recording of *Œdipus Rex*, made in Cologne, is a magnificent achievement (*Ph.), with first-rate choral singing and playing, and a fine team of soloists: Peter Pears as Œdipus, Martha Mödl as Jocasta, Heniz Rehfuss, Otto von Rohr and Helmut Krebs in smaller parts. The composer conducts, and Jean Cocteau declaims his own linking narrative. A second star is withheld only because of tiresome fluctuations in the dynamic level of the recording. On a Vox disc ***Les Noces* is sung by the well-drilled New York Concert Choir, with fresh, healthy voices and an alert sense of rhythm. It is coupled with the *Mass of 1948, a deeply impressive work but one which calls for more sensitive performance, and two unaccompanied motets, *Pater Noster* and *Ave Maria*.

British companies still fight shy of the late Schoenberg, but they are getting round at last to his earlier compositions. Those who find themselves baffled and frustrated by isolated concert hearings of *Pierrot Lunaire* (which is apt to leave listeners with the feeling of the composer constantly proffering something beautiful, and then snatching it away again) will welcome the sensitive, carefully studied recording now available (Ethel Semser / Virtuoso Ensemble / Leibowitz, **A.). But readers are advised to get hold of a copy of the words before they settle down to this elusive, many-coloured music, for the performance is—rightly—very intimate in style, and Miss Semser sometimes drops to a barely audible whisper. A record of the rather earlier Fifteen Songs from George's *Book of the Hanging Gardens* (OL.) is less successful; the singer, Lina Dauby, is shrill and inexpressive. That slender landmark, Schoenberg's Waltz for piano of Opus 23, the first piece to be composed in the 12-note method, is daintily played by Jeanne Manchon Theis, a specialist in this sort of thing—so much so that she misses some of the Lisztian romanticism of Berg's Piano Sonata, Op. 1. But Webern's fascinating Piano Variations, which complete her enterprising little recital, are deftly done (*DT.). Perhaps it is worth remarking, for the benefit of amateur pianists, that neither the Berg nor the Webern presents the technical difficulties of so much contemporary music. Capitol have reissued the Hollywood Quartet's full-blooded account of Schoenberg's *Tristan*esque *Verklärte Nacht*, Op. 4, coupled, under the title of **"Romantic Chamber Music," with Ravel's delectable Septet and Debussy's *Danses sacrées et profanes*; these, too, are reissues, with Ann Mason Stockton as harpist.

Those who have not so far been tempted to invest in a recording of the organ are earnestly recommended to try an **Archive disc on which Helmut Walcha plays Bach's Chorale Partita on "Sei gegrüsset," his Canonic Variations on "Vom Himmel hock" and the Fuga sopra il Magnificat. This gentle, serene, poised playing is in contrast to the more expressive, emotionally committed style of Albert Schweitzer; the chorale prelude album of the Schweitzer's deleted Bach Organ Music Society volumes has been successfully transferred to a single LP (*C.). Although the recordings (made in the church of Ste. Aurélie, Strasbourg) date from 1936, they still sound well. Fernando Germani, organist of St. Peter's, Rome, has embarked on a complete series of all Bach's organ music, on the rebuilt Willis instrument in All Souls, Langham Place (G.). The first two records to appear, of Trio Sonatas, are disappointingly over-registered. Anyone whose ear is attuned the sweet clarity of the late 17th-century Schnitger organs used by Walcha will find the modern timbres, as here presented, almost un-

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HEINEMANN

bearable. In the chorale preludes of his Bach recital in the Victoria Hall, Geneva, Karl Richter proves himself a more successful organ-tamer; but the familiar full-throated roars and snarls break out in the G minor and "Wedge" fugues (D.).

In a Handel record of Nine Sacred Songs (**Arc.) scholarly care and individual artistry have combined with the happiest results. Handel composed these songs, really miniature arias, in 1729; they were not published until 1921. The accompaniment is for figured bass (cello and harpsichord) and violin, oboe or flute; the instruments used are either old ones or modern reproductions on their pattern. Margot Guilleaume is the soloist; her pure, fresh tones and delicate treatment of the words (often recalling that of our own Margaret Ritchie) are a constant delight, and effectively prevent us from wearying of repetitions in the music. The instruments are beautifully played, and their gentle timbres balance with, but never obscure, the voice. Another happy excursion into the unfamiliar Handel is provided by a disc of his F major Double Concerto (**T.), a joyous, spirited work scored for two wind "choirs" and string orchestra with continuo (some have conjectured that it was commissioned for a rather grand river party, at which the orchestra occupied three separate barges). "Lift up your heads" from *Messiah* appears in a new guise, and seems perfectly at home. Performance, by the Berlin Chamber Orchestra under Hans von Benda, and recording are admirable. A rival Danish version, backed by the B flat major Double Concerto (P.), is much stodgier.

As part of the "Jubilee Edition 1956" which aims to throw light on "every aspect of Mozart the composer," Philips have gathered on to one disc three Masonic cantatas, K.42g, 471 and 623, and the **Masonic Funeral Music, K.477. Alas, it seems that Mozart's Masonic aspect was one of his least interesting. The earliest of the three cantatas, *Dir, Seele des Weltalls,* composed in 1783, the year before Mozart decided to enter a Viennese Lodge, is barely distinguishable in style from the *Kleine Maurerkantate,* completed only twenty days before his death; and anyone who expects the profundity of the chorale for the two armed men in *The Magic Flute* is bound to be disappointed in these four-square solos and choruses. The Masonic Funeral Music is another matter: this is sublime music indeed, where the symbolical motifs (three knocks, slurred pairs of notes to represent friendship, parallel thirds to indicate progress hand in hand) are perfectly fused in the musical content; it is a pity that no separate performance is available. Execution, by Viennese forces under Paumgartner, and recording of the Funeral Music are very successful; but the singing in the cantatas is so lusty that the listener must choose either to be dinned at, or to reduce the volume to a point where the sound becomes unnatural.

Four Salzburg divertimenti for two oboes, two horns and two bassoons (K.213, 252, 253 and 270) are captivating, and strongly recommended to those setting out on Mozartian by-ways. In their poise and shaping, their store of treasurable melodies and their instrumental deftness, they constitute perfect little works of art which often prefigure in miniature the great movements that were to follow. The variety with which the somewhat inflexible-looking cast is handled will astonish, and the Viennese players respond with exquisite playing, keeping the timbres so gentle that the ear does not tire of the medium. The disc as a whole must plainly have two stars, but readers should be warned that the recording, elsewhere first-rate, is sometimes a little curdled in the first two movements of K.252 (**N.).

ANDREW PORTER

COLLET'S

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COLLET'S BOOKSHOPS

Dept. D., 44 & 45, Museum Street,
London, W.C.1.

Week-end Competition

No. 1,331

Set by John Pomfret

There are rumours that the Army authorities are disturbed at "Teddy Boy" tendencies among National Servicemen. The usual prizes are offered for a ballad, in the manner of Kipling, on the neo-Edwardian ranker. Limit 16 lines. Entries by September 6th.

Result of No. 1,328

Set by L. Clarendon

The usual prizes are offered for a 12-line verse to a gentleman on a hot summer day, beginning "A sweet disorder in the dress" and ending "For the apparel oft proclaims the man."

Report

To strip or not to strip? There were many advocates both for and against, although perhaps the weight of opinion was that man, to command a little brief authority, needs more than briefs to cover him. Various reasons were put forward for garment-shedding. As Pibwob pointed out,

A sweet disorder in the dress may mean
An urgent summons to the fire brigade,
Or Gandhi's chic, or Charlie on the screen . . .

There was Barbara Smoker's bank-clerk, tied to convention by the clock, and D. R. Peddy's officer who was

a dashed infernal
Affront to the Battalion Mess.

Bill Howard Patterson, Con Morgan and others twisted the meaning of the last line in a way Polonius never intended. Knobbly knees, hirsute chests, swelling paunches, they were all there. Surprisingly, there were no parodies of Frances Cornford's fat white woman.

I wish I had space to quote the many other competitors whose verses appealed to me. Of them all, I liked best Hilary's sound advice. He gets two guineas and a guinea each goes to Laurence Fowler, J. J. Hogan, and Mrs. A. Dicker. Bunched together close behind the leaders came E. W. Fordham, G. J. Blundell, H. A. C. Evans, Pibwob, D. R. Peddy, Allan M. Laing and Joyce Longley. And a special commendation to Bill Howard Patterson.

A sweet disorder in the dress?
Yes, if you like: but each cast clout
Will cast a deeper shade of doubt
Upon your gentlemanliness.

Doff tie—and people look askance.
Shed shirt—you shed respect as well.
There is no second sight to tell
A nobleman without his pants.

Aristocrat and artisan
Are brothers underneath the vest.
So please remain correctly dressed,
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.

HILARY

OFFICERS AND GENTLEMEN
(For favour of posting on the Notice Board of the Officers' Mess)

"A sweet disorder in the dress"
Is not encouraged in the Mess.
Blues WILL be worn in sweltering heat,
Tight, buttoned up from head to feet.
Unworthy he, who, though it's warm
"Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form."*

It's hot we know, yet hotter far
Was Alamein or Kandahar.
Remember, men, it's part of training
(Like wearing bearskins when it's raining).
Puff out your chest! Grin if you can!
"For the apparel oft proclaims the man."

* *King John: III, iv.*

LAURENCE FOWLER

A sweet disorder in the dress
You think, will still excite a frown,
And therefore you will do no less
Than wear your usual clothes in Town.
You care too much for others' views
To place your health and comfort first,
And so from bowler hat to shoes
High summer sees you at your worst.
If others started to keep cool
You'd do it too, once they began:
Yes, sheep were ever clad in wool
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.

J. J. HOGAN

A sweet disorder in the dress
Becomes you, dear, I must confess,
And as the weather's fine and warm,
I don't suppose you'll come to harm,
But do remember, darling, please,
That no one *wants* to see your knees.
Don't copy us—our clothes we doff
To point our charms and show them off,
But manly charms are seldom those
Which benefit from lack of clothes.
So when you can, be spick and span,
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.

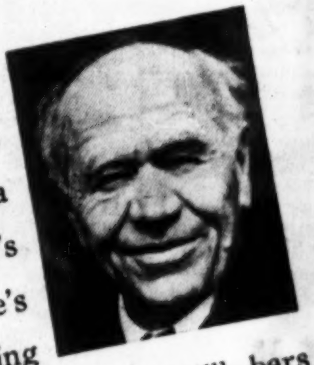
MRS. A. DICKER

The Chess Board

No. 308 Philidor and his QBP

It is 160 years, almost to the day, since François André Danican died, better known under the nickname Philidor which Louis XIII had awarded his ancestor. He was, of course, the father of modern chess, more precisely perhaps the grandfather, for it was from him that the early nineteenth-century protagonists learned most of what they knew about the game. As a player no less than an analyst Philidor dwarfed all his contemporaries. Significantly, it was he who first thought of (3) P-QB3 after (1) P-K4, P-K4, (2) B-B4, B-B4, and he suggested the same single step of the QBP to be done by Black as soon as feasible in the orthodox defence of the K-Gambit. Evidently, he had some pretty clear ideas about the importance of building up a solid P-centre, and in his day these were pioneer ideas. What about the "Philidor Defence" (1) P-K4, P-K4, (2) Kt-KB3, P-Q3, etc.? True enough, he analysed the opening

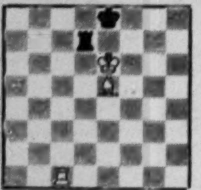
'In the DAILY EXPRESS everything is EXCLUSIVE'



Lord Beaverbrook, Britain's present undisputed No. 1 press lord ("My political belief is a simple one: I believe in Britain's glory"), improved Northcliffe's formula* by aggressive, enterprising coverage, and brisk, clever editing. (He still bars cheesecake and leering sex from his papers.) The Beaver's standing order: "Ban the word 'exclusive' from the Express. Our aim is to make everything exclusive."

* The creation, says Time, of a "penny press" for a mass audience.

The above passage appeared in
TIME
The American weekly newsmagazine



a good deal, but he certainly wasn't the first to think of it; it was Ruy Lopez, nearly two centuries before him who first played (2) . . . P-Q3; and he did it for the simple reason that he considered (2) . . . Kt-QB3 a thoroughly bad move, hopelessly "refuted" by (3) B-Kt5. We may well be less sure about it these days, certainly less dogmatical. But to revert to Philidor, his claim to fame rests no less securely on his pioneer work in analysing endings such as this one. No doubt, his disciples must have learned much from it, and I will start by quoting the master literally.

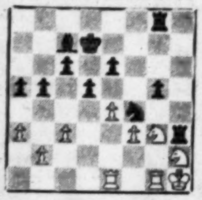
> (1) *The rook gives check.*
> *The rook covers the check.*
> (2) *The rook at the adverse Queen's bishop's 2nd.*
> *The rook at the adverse Queen's 2nd.*

(3) R-QKt7	R-Q8	(7) R-QB4	R-Q8
(4) R-KKt7	R-KB8	(8) B-R4	K-B1
(5) B-KKt3	K-B1	(9) B-B6	R-K8ch
(6) R-Kt4	K-K1	(10) B-K5	K-Kt1

Having saved some space we might finish in the master's own long-winded style: (11) *The rook at its king's rook's 4th square, and must win.* Finally, a game won by Philidor (minus QKt) against Count Brühl (minus KBP) in London, 1789.

(1) P-K4	P-Q4	(7) P-Kt5	Q-B4
(2) P-K5	B-B4	(8) P-Q4!	Q-K5 ch
(3) P-KKt4	B-Kt3	(9) Q-K2	Q x R
(4) P-KR4	P-KR4	(10) P-Kt6	P-K3
(5) Kt-R3	Q-Q2	(11) Q-Kt5 ch	Kt-Q2
(6) Kt-B4	B-B2	(12) P x B ch	K-Q1
(13) P x Kt (Q)	R x Q	(17) B-QR6	R-Kt1
(14) Kt x P ch	K-B1	(18) Q-B6	B-Q1
(15) B-K3	Q x P	(19) B-KKt5	resigns
(16) Q x QP	B-K2		

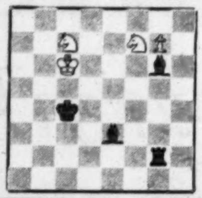
A: F. A. Philidor 1790



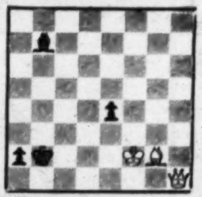
The 4-pointer is a position achieved by Philidor (Black) in a blindfold performance. How did he force the win? **B** and **C**, rating the customary 6 and 7 ladder points, are both wins for White.

Usual prizes. Entries by September 5.

B: L. Lazard 1923



C: G. Bernhardt 1948



REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 305. Set August 6

A: (1) Q-Kt7? R-B8 ch, (2) K-R2, Q x Q, etc.

B: (1) K-B6, R x P, (2) R-QR5 ch, K-Kt1, (3) R-Kt5 ch, K-R2, (4) R-QR5 ch, K-Kt1, (5) R-Kt5 ch, K-B1, (6) R-KR5, etc.

C: (1) P-Q6 ch, P x P, (2) P x P, K-Kt1! (3) K-K4, P-B6, (4) K-K3, P-Q4, (5) K-B2, P-Q5, (6) K x Kt, P-Q6, (7) P-Kt4, P-Q3! (8) P-Kt5, P-Q4, (9) P-Kt6, P-Q5, (10) K-Q1, P-B7, (11) K-Q2, P queens stalemate.

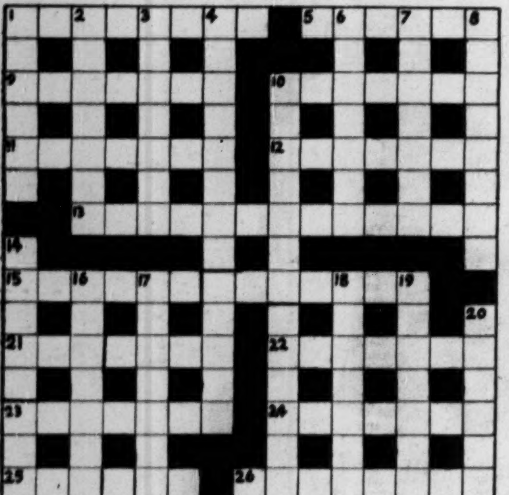
If (11) . . .P–R, (12) K x P, R-B5, (13) K-B4! etc.

Many stumped by **C**, even though quite a few flawless entries. Prizes shared by K. Beaumont, W. M. Hancock, F. R. Oliver, C. Sandberg, A. Schneider. Entries for our study competition have begun to come in from a good many countries. Competitors are reminded that November 8 is the closing date for the competition.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 167

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 167, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on Sept. 6.



ACROSS

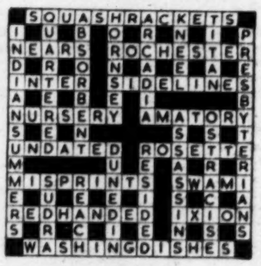
1. A policeman disperses the danger which lies ahead of me (8).
5. Place amid the sombre contours of the Welsh hills (6).
9. This country has an entry in the return prize (7).
10. "Three-pil'd hyperboles, spruce affectation, —— pedantical" (*L.L.L.*) (7).
11. Abroad starting with an appeal to poetry (7).
12. One member in a commercial group is swindling (7).
13. Trial not daily perhaps as reported (13).
15. A cricketer's ball provides festivities for May (6, 7).
21. In an ancient city a brother appears privately (3, 4).
22. Compel what is among things forbidden for celibates (7).
23. Turn a handle for a scientist (7).
24. Arthur's mother has a headache decapitated (7).
25. Canopy examiner (6).
26. Girl with a little weight to declare (8).

DOWN

1. Riding is sore work (6).
2. Drama consecrated is most impressive (7).
3. Failure to remember men may be found in the East (7).
4. A duck for the one who bowls a Chinaman? (8, 5).
6. Diet which is not quite sufficient for the soldiers (7).
7. A friendly drink (7).
8. Bouquets for a rendering of an easy song (8).
10. Military force formed by a large number from abroad (7, 6).
14. Striking success? (5, 3).
16. Stirs up mobs (7).
17. Is love dead? Yes, we have to separate (7).
18. Conclude there is no other world (7).
19. Difficult to unravel, but if unravelled it may be nothing daring (7).
20. If the temptress were removed, to worship would be the opposite of to sin (6).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 165



■	S	Q	U	A	S	H	R	A	C	K	E	T	S	■
I	■	U	■	B	■	O	■	R	■	N	■	I	■	P
N	E	A	R	S	■	R	O	C	H	E	S	T	E	R
D	■	R	■	O	■	N	■	A	■	E	■	A	■	E
I	N	T	E	R	■	S	I	D	E	L	I	N	E	S
A	■	E	■	B	■	E	■	I	■	■	■	■	■	B
N	U	R	S	E	R	Y	■	A	M	A	T	O	R	Y
S	■	E	■	N	■	■	■	■	■	S	■	S	■	T
U	N	D	A	T	E	D	■	R	O	S	E	T	T	E
M	■	■	■	■	■	U	■	E	■	A	■	R	■	R
M	I	S	P	R	I	N	T	S	■	S	W	A	M	I
E	■	U	■	E	■	E	■	I	■	S	■	C	■	A
R	E	D	H	A	N	D	E	D	■	I	X	I	O	N
S	■	R	■	C	■	I	■	E	■	N	■	S	■	S
■	W	A	S	H	I	N	G	D	I	S	H	E	S	■

PRIZEWINNERS TO NO. 165

Wm. Ainsley (Darlington), J. K. Best (Birmingham), A. Brian (Kettering)

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

BOARDING Accommodation with social amenities for ladies and gentlemen under 35, from 47*s.* 6*d.* to 85*s.*, partial board. Applic. forms and information: Belsize Residential Clubs, 13 Belsize Ave., N.W.3.

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LARGE furn. single bed-sit., share k., b., one other, nr. Tube, shops, Heath, 3½*gns.*, incl. heat, light, linen, cleaning. HAM. 3706, evgs. from Aug. 22, or Box 8732.

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INDIAN journalist reqs. lge. bed-sitting room with kit. Pref. N.W.3. Box 9259.

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MISCELLANEOUS

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MISCELLANEOUS—continued

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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

"BRITAIN'S Economy and Peace," by R. Palme Dutt, is the leading article in the T.U.C. Special September Labour Monthly, now out. Also "Forward From Geneva," by Quaestor, fullest treatment yet of questions arising from the Conference. Order 1*s.* 6*d.* all newsagents. Pr. 9*s.* postal subs. from N.S. 134 Ballard's Lane, N.3.

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AUSTRALIA — University of Sydney. Applications are invited for the position of Lecturer in Physical Geography. The salary will be in the range of £A1,200—£A1,750 per annum with annual increments of £A80, and will be subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to qualifications and experience. Finance is available for home purchase under the Staff Members' Housing Scheme. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in London and Australia, is September 24, 1955.

CO-OPERATIVE Union Limited, Education Department invites applications for appointments as Sectional Education Officer in each of the North-Eastern, South-Western and Western Sections which have their headquarters in Leeds, Exeter and Cardiff respectively. The Sectional Education Officer will be required to represent the Education Department in each Section and to be responsible for the development of provisions of co-operative education, including the Co-operative Youth Movement and adult and technical education. Salary in the scale £539×£25 to £697, the commencing salary being fixed according to qualifications and experience. Co-operative qualifications and experience will be given due weight. Application forms and further particulars from the Chief Education Officer, Co-operative Union Limited, Stanford Hall, Loughborough, Leicestershire, to whom applications should be returned not later than September 10, 1955.

LANCASTER Moor Hospital, Lancaster. (Regional Mental Hospital.) Qualified Psychiatric Social Worker required to organise and expand the services within the hospital and at the psychiatric out-patient clinics in the area. Preference given to candidates with wide experience of mental hospital work. Salary £495 to £750 p.a. less £153 p.a. if resident. Possession of a car desirable. Applications with details of qualifications, training and experience, together with names of two refs. to be sent to Medical Superintendent.

MIDLAND Silicones, Ltd., an associate company of Albright & Wilson, Ltd., have a vacancy in their London Office for an assistant to the manager of the Rubber and Release Agents Sales Department. The duties comprise the market development and sale of silicone products to a wide variety of industries. Candidates aged 25-35 must have sales experience, and a general background in the rubber and plastics industry would be useful. Emphasis is placed on a commercial bent, and marketing rather than technical experience. A science degree would be an asset but is not essential. A good commencing salary will be offered and there is a generous pension scheme. Applications should be sent to the Staff Officer, Albright & Wilson, Ltd., P.O. Box 3, Oldbury, Birmingham.

CITY of Leicester Education Committee. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Educational Psychologist in the School Psychological Service. Duties include educational and clinical work and afford much scope. Candidates will be expected to possess a degree in psychology, practical training in child psychology, and to have had full-time teaching experience. Ability to lecture an asset. Salary in accordance with Grade I of the Education Psychologists Scale—£775 rising to £915 per annum (for men) or, £705 rising to £815 per annum (for women, plus equal pay increments). Further particulars and form of application may be obtained from the undersigned. Completed applications should be returned to this Office not later than fourteen days after appearance of this advertisement. Elfed Thomas, Director of Education, Newarke Street, Leicester.

CHILD Welfare Officer (woman) (C. of E.) required owing to increased establishment. Diploma in Social Science or Home Office Certificate in Child Care; current driving licence essential; trav. exps. and subs. Salary A.P.T. £500-£580 p.a. plus London Weighting; Superannuation. Supervision of boarded-out children aged 0-15 and After-Care girls 15 plus. Headquarters London. Apply in writing by September 5 stating age, qualifications, experience, enclosing copies testimonials and names of two referees to Sec., Thomas Coram Foundation, 40 Brunswick Sq., W.C.1. (Re-advertised.)

RESEARCH Officer to the Co-operative Party required. Candidates should be acquainted with the machinery and problems of the Co-operative Movement and Party; have a practical knowledge of economic and political research, be able to draft reports and memoranda and advise on policy matters. Salary £750 to £850 per annum. Applicants must not be more than 50 years old. Conditions and appl. forms from Co-operative Party, 56 Victoria St., London, S.W.1.

CLERKS (up to 40) of good education reqd. for numerous attract. posts frequently avail. at Burnett Bureau, 77 Dean St., W.1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of Leeds Appointments Board. Applications are invited from women for the post of Senior Clerical Assistant in the Appointments Office. Candidates should have had some years experience of secretarial work and be qualified shorthand-typists. Salary £480×20—£540. Further particulars may be obtained from the Secretary of the Appointments Board, The University, Leeds, to whom applications, together with the names of 3 referees, should be sent by September 10, 1955.

EXPERIENCED Youth Club Leader required for post of Leader/Organiser in new housing areas in Edinburgh. Salary £500 p.a. Superannuation Scheme. Further particulars and applic. forms avail. from Sec., E.A.G.C.-E.U.B.C. Joint Development Committee, 12 Alva Street, Edinburgh, 2.

UNITED Synagogue reqs. lady assistants for their social welfare departments. Aged about 21. Good shorthand & typing speeds essential. Salary according to experience & quals. Tel. EUSton 3655, Ext. 5.

COPY-typist, fast, accurate and with good German, required for international travel organisation near Baker Street Station. Some shorthand (English) desirable. Good working conditions and holidays at reduced rates. Salary according to qualifications. Applications to Box 8759, c/o Darbys, 24 Blackfriars Lane, London, E.C.4.

SECRETARY/shorthand-typist for Editor of scientific journal. Graduate pref. Apply stating age & exper. to Dr. A. P. D. Thomson, Dept. of Anatomy, The Medical School, Hospitals Centre, Birmingham, 15.

BOOK-Keeper Typist. A lady interested in her work and willing to co-operate with small staff will be appreciated. Excellent conditions, 5-day week. Salary by arrangement. Adams & Martin, Ltd., 22 New Cavendish St., W.1. Wel. 0953.

SECRETARY-Sh./Typist, pref. expd. Architects or Engineering; well-educated; 30/35 years; keen, with initiative; wanted by Principal of prof. firm, W.2. area. Box 9263.

WELL-Known Designer wants secretary-assistant, part- or full-time. Regent's Park area. Box 9266.

SMALL Farm School requires resident teacher (man) for mixed group aged 13. General subjects & knowledge of farming required. Box 9166.

BI-LINGUAL Engl./German secretary required for small City office. Good salary, 5-day week. Experience in paper trade an advantage. Box 9075.

PART-Time—City secretarial work offered to well-educ. & exp. lady. Box 9193.

FULL staff required, expanding Boys' School incl. sec., Art/Kg. (woman), and assistant master, all subjects. Box 9206.

PHŒNIX Gallery require young woman, 18-22, to assist in shop—someone with an interest in art and willing to learn business. Apply 38 William IV St., W.C.2.

RADIO & Electrical retail business of good standing; London; requires (a) T/V service engineer; (b) Electrician; (c) Trainee for electrical work. Driving experience essential. Good opportunity for capable men. State age & details of career. Box 9296.

IN South Africa. Lady of culture and education to assist mother with household and care two girls, 10 and 7 years, boy 5 years. Good salary and accommodation provided. Reply with references, Hanson, 919 His Majesty's Buildings, Johannesburg, South Africa. Interview in London will be arranged.

£3 10s. per week & sunny well-furn. basement flat with accom. for husband or child (bed-sit. rm. with beds vanishing into wall, tel., kit., bathrm.) offered to responsible cook-housekeeper. Attractive, convenient newly-dec. house Knightsbridge square, 2 adults, 2 children, starting October 7. Good permanent home for intelligent interested person. Box 9323.

YOUNG mother with child (5-8 yrs.) offered family post by busy writer (f.) also with son (6½) in London, from mid-Sept. Full board for both plus £3 10s. weekly. Duties: supervision of child when at home; running of house; cooking. Real sense of responsibility, intelligence. Box 9306.

QUAKER workers, Northern Greece, require expd. help with sons aged 6 & 3, from Sept. for 10 months. Return fare & pocket money. Reply, giving full particulars incl. age & experience to Box 9321.

ACCLAIMED for over 75 years for personal co-operation! Incomparable selection from thousands superior male/female permanent office staff posts. Temporary posts! Highest fees in London, continual work. Best firms. Ellison Gower Employment Specialists, 147 Oxford Street. Per. Dept. GER. 3551/2. Temp. Dept. GER. 9451/2.

PART-time typing and other office vacancies exist at Stella Fisher Bureau, 15 Strand, London, W.C.2. TRAfalgar 9090.

OUR "Hand-Picked" Secretaries get the plum jobs. No fees. Wigmore Agency, 67 Wigmore St., W.1. HUN. 9951/2/3.

SHORTHAND and Copy Typists wanted for interesting temporary work by the hour, day or week. Generous salaries and bonuses. Holidays with pay. Apply Staff Manager, GERrard 1069.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

PORTMAN Bureau, 78 George Street, W.1. All applicants for temporary or permanent secretarial posts, interesting and well paid, will be welcome. WEL. 4559.

EDUCATED Women with good shorthand and typing for several interesting posts, some with short hours (10-5, no Saturdays). To £500. The St. Stephen's Secretariat, 316 Vauxhall Bridge Road, Victoria, and 2 Broad Street Place, Finsbury Circus. Telephone VIC 5084 and LON. 5397.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

BIRMINGHAM man, 39, wide experience office work, ex-accountant, organiser, fluent speaker, lecturer, recently organising credit sale office mechanism, available immediately; speciality sorting out muddle in growing firms; would accept temporary position. Well-known Birmingham progressive circles. Box 9123.

YOUNG man, 26, versatile, widely travelled, Bilingual, English, German, French, Spanish, Typist, desires interesting permanent position. Box 9087.

YOUNG Lady (24), keen and intelligent, having enjoyed selling books, old prints and maps for three years, and having gained experience and made good contacts, seeks similar post. Excel. ref. Box 9190.

ENGLISHMAN, 29, Honours Graduate, Docteur es Lettres, resident Paris, journalistic and literary background, teaching experience, seeks interesting job. Box 9245.

FOR Asian Student—25; Perf. Eng., able type, drive. Anythg. pt. tme. consd. Not fussy ext. remun. Tel.: Stanli, TER. 4440.

EXPERIENCED Secretary seeks interesting position. Students, International, Welfare, Literary. Whole/part time. Box 9222.

IF you need an efficient secretary, junior or senior, apply to the Mayfair Secretarial College, 57 Duke St., Lndn., W.1. May. 6626.

EMPLOYERS requiring well-trained junior secretary/shorthand typists are invited to apply to the Langham Secretarial College, 18 Dunraven Street, Park Lane, W.1. Tel. MAYfair 2905.

STUDENTSHIPS

THE University of Manchester. Research Studentships in Economic and Social Studies. Applications are invited for the above studentships, tenable for one year in the first instance, and renewable for a further period not exceeding two years. The studentships are normally of the value of £250 or £300 per annum. They are offered to candidates who have obtained the Degree of Bachelor or Master in this or any other approved University. Applications should be sent not later than September 7, 1955, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

PERSONAL

SEPTEMBER Sunshine: follow the sun and enjoy an interesting holiday with one of our parties or individually in Spain and Majorca (departures Sept. 4 or 24), in Italy (Rome, Sorrento and Capri or Positano on Sept. 17 or October 1), in the Austrian Tyrol near Innsbruck or Swiss mountains and Lake Maggiore (Sept. 11) or on the French Riviera (Sept. 17). Special suggestion: Cruising Holiday to Greece followed by visits to Capri and Rome (Sept. 16). Erna Low, 47(NS) Old Brompton Road, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

SENSATIONAL Travel Announcement. Late 1955 and early 1956 illustrated sunshine booklet embracing Spain, Sicily, Ischia, Canary Islands, Madeira, Greece, Egypt (land of the Pharaos), is now ready. Up to £20 saved on each holiday. Olivers Travels, 16 Cork St., Mayfair, London, W.1.

SPAIN, Majorca, Ibiza for Autumn sunshine. 15 days from £34 10s. including travel, full pension, etc. Free Guide & prog. from New Vistas Travel Service, Uxbridge Rd., Hampton, Middx. Molesey 2105.

ONE comf. seat available 1955 Wyvern going Paris Sept. 2, returning Sept. 12 (journey only), £9 return. BALham 2755.

JOURNALIST, m., 23, touring Europe by car Sept. 24-Oct. 9, seeks m. companion. Box 8832.

COUPLE motoring Florence early September. 2 seats vacant—share driving & expenses. Tel. Halstead 2029 (Essex).

SEAT vacant with 5 young people (m. & f.) touring Spain large new car, Sept. 16-Oct. 6. Box 9317.

TWO seats vacant Spain Sept. 17 two weeks. Share exps. driving. Two females/married cple. PRI. 9151, 6-10 p.m.

YOUNG barrister with car wishes tour Britain/Continent with mixed party, share exps.; state age, tour prefs. Box 9130.

AU Pair: We arrange 3-12 mths.' stay Switz., France, Belgium for yng. educ. girls will. help with children, easy housewk.; pkt. money. Early bkg. essen. Educ. Touring Service, 10, Exhibition Rd., S.W.7.

MOTHERS' Helps: Young foreign girls avail. for short and long periods. Educ. Touring Service, 10 Exhibition Rd., S.W.7.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

PERSONAL—continued

WD. house grand piano Hampstead from Sept. 1. All care. Refs. Box 9282.

SIAMESE kittens. Excel. pedigree, house-trnd. Hilton, Gerrards Cross 2913.

GENEVA. English family returning October seek girl for about 1 year to help with 3 small children. Au pair, pocket money. Box 9235.

YOUNG lady, ex-teacher, very adaptable, seeks full- or part-time work from mid-Sept. Box 9249.

BOYS & girls enjoy holidays at Pinewood, now at The Manor House, Bradninch, Exeter. Elizabeth Strachan, Hele 390.

SEASIDE holidays for children. Picnics. Excursions. Every care. Thanet House School, 18 Callis Court Rd., Broadstairs. Thanet 62783.

CHILDREN'S Holidays with riding, at Parndon Hall, Harlow, have proved immensely popular; 10 ponies with resident instructress, tennis court, extensive grounds; fully booked Aug., but vacancies Sept. 1-24. Apply Sec. for brochure. Harlow 24511.

GRAMMAR School Entrance. A special home study course for parents wishing help their children with the State Examination. Write E.M.I. Institutes, Dept. NS.51.P., London, W.4. (Associated with H.M.V.)

"KNOW-HOW" means Writing Success for you. No Sale—No Fees tuition. Free N.2 "Know-How Guide to Writing Success" from B.A. School of Successfull Writing, Ltd., 124 New Bond Street, W.1.

MATHS for Matric., Inter. Rustomjee, 2 Carlingford Rd., N.W.3. HAM. 0210. 6 Rectory Avenue, High Wycombe. H.W. 1436.

PROFESSIONAL Training in Motion Picture and Animated Film Production. Enrol now for new term. Heatherley Film Training Unit, 33 Warwick Square, London, S.W.1. VICtoria 6077.

JOIN Now. Entrance fee waived until Sept. 15. Subscription 2*gns*. Special terms for married couples, country residence and students. Apply Mem. Sec., Institute of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1.

A PART-Time occupation by writing or drawing? Our personal home study course will interest you. E.M.I. Institutes, Dept. NS.50.P., London, W.4. (Associated with H.M.V.)

GUITAR Lessons. Chesnakov, 48a Cathcart Rd., S.W.10. FLA. 4354.

SPANISH lessons and translations by native, N.W.11. Box 9219.

SHORT Story Writing. Send 2½*d.* for "Stories that Sell Today" (a special bulletin) & prospectus world-famous course. Regent Institute (B/191), Palace Gate, W.8.

SQUARE & Country Dancing, Sept. 9-11; Painting & Modelling, Sept. 16-18 at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon. Checkendon 221.

MODERN Contact Lens Centre, 7(T) Endsleigh Court, W.C.1. Booklet sent. Deferred terms.

PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. Kensington 8042.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Phyllis Perlow, 89 Somerton Rd., N.W.2. GLA. 2400.

CONTINENTAL Holiday wear in the Vince style. Shirts, shorts, jeans, swim wear, etc. Vince Man's Shop, 5 Newburgh St., Foubert's Place, Regent St., W.1. GER. 3730. Send for new 1955 illus. catalogue. Open 7 p.m. Thurs. and 3 p.m. Sats.

INCREASE height 2in with Men's Bildup shoes. 79*s.* 6*d.* pr. Dets.: Capitol Shoe Co. (Box 44), 315 Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.1.

ALLWOODS Carnation Cut Flowers—The ideal gift for all occasions. Specially selected colours or mixed shades direct from the largest growers in the world. From 1*gn.* to 5*gns.* a box. One quality, the best! Write for Catalogue, Allwood Bros., Ltd., 40 Haywards Heath, Sussex. 'Phone: Wivelsfield Green 232/233.

TYPEWRITERS. Modern portable machines avail. for hire, £1 mthly. Tel. Robert Ropkins. WELbeck 6655 for details.

HUMANISM is now an International Movement. Partics.: Ethical Union, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, W.8. WES. 2341.

SCHOOLS

BURGESS Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, Hampstead. Co-education 3 to 18. Full or weekly boarding and day school. Headmaster, James Cunningham East, M.A.

FOR freedom and self-government. Kilquhanity House, Castle Douglas, Scotland. Boys and girls from 3 years. Headmaster: John M. Aitkenhead, M.A., Ed.B.

ST. CHRISTOPHER School, Letchworth; co-educational, 5 to 18 years, in an open-air atmosphere of ordered freedom. High standards of creative work and achievement leading to Universities and satisfying careers. N. King Harris, M.A.

THE Town & Country Day School, 38/40 Eton Avenue, N.W.3. (Primrose 4306.) Small group of weekly or full boarders accepted. Boys and girls 5-18 educated for General Certificate of Education and the Universities. Realistic approach to modern education. E. Paul, Ph.D.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ARTS. TEM. 3334. 7.30 (ex. Mon.), St. Sun. 5 & 8. Waiting for Godot. Mems.

UNITY Theatre's Summer Review. Last 2 wks. "Peacemeal." Ev. Fri., Sat., Sun. 7.45 until Sept. 11. EUS. 5391. Mems.

ENGLISH Opera Group. Scala Theatre, Sept. 20 to Oct. 1. Details, Box Office (MUS. 5731). Booking opens Monday.

11th Anniversary Liberation of Rumania Celebration. Holborn Hall. Sunday, Aug. 28, 7.30. Artistic programme. Rumanian Dances in Costume. Welcome to all. Adm. free. B.R.F.A., 40 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1.

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Until Aug. 28: "Whisky Galore" (A). Aug. 29: Peter Ustinov in "Hotel Sahara" (U). Sept. 1: "Appointment With Venus" (U).

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank. WAT. 3232. Sat., Aug. 27: Humphrey Bogart, Walter Huston in "The Treasure of Sierra Madre" (A). Dir.: John Huston. 1.30, 3.45, 6, 8.15. Open to public.

DANCE to the Orchard Trio at Cent. London Fabian Society's Autumn Reunion Dance. Sat., Sept. 10, 8-11.30. 6 Queen Sq., W.C.1. Adm. 3s 6d. Everybody welcome.

CONCERTS

HENRY Wood Promenade Concerts. BBC presents 61st Season. Royal Albert Hall. Nightly (Sundays excepted) at 7.30 until Sat., Sept. 17. Tickets: 8s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d. at Hall (KEN. 8212) and Agents. 2,000 Promenade (with seating for 440), 2s. 6d., available at doors only.

HAMPSTEAD Choral Society. 1955/6 season will include Haydn's Mass in D (The Imperial) and Mozart's Requiem. Practices Wednesdays 8-10 p.m. Good musicians in all voices are invited to apply to Mrs. Spalding, Bankside, 71 Frognal, N.W.3 for details of audition on September 19.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. 6d., post free.

WILLIAM Etty. Exhibition of Paintings. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1 Open till Sept. 10. Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats. 10-6, Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Admission free.

GALLERY One, 1 Litchfield St., W.C.2. Millichip, Souza, Christoforou, King, Weatherson: recent work.

BEAUX Arts Gall., Bruton Place, W.1. Summer Exhibn., 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

RUMANIAN Books and Journals. Fascinating display of the latest Art, Music, Technical, Scientific, Educational and Literary works. Collet's Multilingual Bookshop, 67 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. Sat., August 20, until Sept. 3. Weekdays: 9.30-5.30; Sats. 9.30-1 p.m. Also wide selection of foreign books, dictionaries, grammars, from Poland, Hungary, Bulgaria, E. Germany and Czechoslovakia.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Mondriaan, 1872-1944: retrospective exhibition. Week-days 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mons. Adm. free. Adjoins Aldgate East Stn.

ZWEMMER Gallery, 26 Litchfield Street, W.C.2. Young Midland Artists. Aug. 9-Sept. 10. Daily 10-6 p.m. inc. Sats.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1. New Sculptors & Painter-Sculptors. Mon.-Fri., 10.30-6. Sats. until 1. Adm. free.

LAWRENCE Isherwood, Aug. 20-Sept. 21, Coffee House, 3 Northumberland Ave.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq. Part II Artists of Fame and Promise. An entirely new exhibition. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

ARCHER Gallery, 303 Westbourne Grove, W.11. Paintings by Helen Lemprière August 30-Sept 24. Tues.-Sat.: 10-5, Sun. 2-5. Closed Mondays.

FOUR French Realists. Arts Council Exhibition of Paintings by André Minaux, Ginette Rapp, Roger Montané, Jean Vinay. Tate Gallery. Closes Sept. 4, week-days 10-6 (Tues. & Thurs. 10-8), Suns. 2-6. Free.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Paintings & Drawings by Boudin, Corot, Courbet, Degas, F/Latour, Picasso, Signac and others. 10-5.30, Sat. 10-12.30.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. Some French and British Paintings. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

MODERN Furniture and Furnishings for Bed-sitting Room by well-known designers. Heal & Son, Ltd., 196 Tottenham Court Road, London, W.1.

IVEAGH Bequest, Kenwood. Exhibition of paintings by Angelica Kauffmann. Adm. free. Weekdays 10-7. Sundays 2.30-7. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Grn. Stns.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum 183 Euston Road, N.W.1. Exhibitions: Child Welfare Through the Ages; The Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Mon.-Fri., 10-5. Adm. Free.

BRIGHTON Royal Pavilion. Regency Exhibition. Original Pavilion furniture lent from Buckingham Palace by gracious wish of H.M. the Queen. Gold plate and silver by Regency craftsmen. The State and Private apartments completely furn. New restorations and exhibits. 10 to 8 daily, inc. Sunday.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

CENTRAL London Fabian Socy. "European Trade Unions and their politics." R. Tofahm. Wed., Aug. 31, 7.30, St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1. Vis. welc. 2s.

GOA Liberation Day. To protest against the "brutal and uncivilised" atrocities of the Portuguese Government in Goa: a Public Meeting on Sat., Aug. 27 at 7 p.m. at Caxton Hall, Victoria, S.W.1.

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gdns. W.2. Public lec., Sun, 8 p.m. Aug. 28: The Discipline of Sorrow.

BAHA'I Centre, 27 Rutland Gate, S.W.7. Public Meeting 8 p.m. Thur., Sept. 1. "The Changeless Faith of God."

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Road, W.8, at 6 p.m., September 3. Film, "Cops and Robbers."

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

HOW Europe's Democratic Socialists have approached their problems—a comparative study with T. F. M. McKitterick, P. Ericsson and distinguished foreign speakers. Central London Fabian Society Week-end School at Wilton Park, Sept. 16-18. £2 2s. excl. coach. Details N. Brewster, 97 Belgrave Road, S.W.1.

HIGH Leigh, Hoddesden, Herts, week-end Sept. 9-11. Discussions opened by John Stonehouse: Trial and Error in East Africa; D. L. Hobman: The Difficulties of Unbelief; Roy Prideaux: The Further Education of the Young Worker, Dr. Paul Senft: Social Institutions and Human Individuals; and Hector Hawton: The Background of the Rationalist Movement. Accom. single rooms, inclusive charge 47s. 6d. or 54s. 6d. with coach transport. Further details, Ethical Union, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, W.8. WES. 2341.

YOGA. Sri Yogiraj Edward Hain, M.A., recently returned from Sivananda Ashram, Rishikesh, Himalayas, will conduct a Basic Course of 12 lessons in Yoga on consecutive Thursday evenings from 6.30 to 7.20 p.m. starting Sept. 22, 1955. Apply for prospectus and terms to The Secretary, Y.P.S. School, 6 Cadogan Gardens, London, S.W.3. (Office closed Aug. 27-Sept. 11.)

THE Polytechnic, 309, Regent Street, W.1. Session 1955-56. School of Commerce. The Evening School provides courses of study for men and women employed in Commerce and Public Administration. Students may prepare for any of the following: 1, Professional Examinations in Banking, Accountancy, Cost Accountancy, Fellowship in Management Accounting of I.C.W.A., Company Secretarial Work, Exporting, and Sales Management. 2, G.C.E. Advanced level. 3, Final B.Sc. (Econ.) and B.Sc. (Sociology). 4, Diploma in Public Administration, London. 5, University Extension Diploma in Economics. 6, Local Government Clerical and Administrative Examinations. 7, Royal Statistical Society and Association of Incorporated Statisticians Examinations. Session 1955-56 commences on Monday, September 26. New students will be enrolled between 3 p.m. and 8 p.m. on September 19. (Former students, September 13 and 14, 5-7.30 p.m.). Prospectus may be obtained on application to the undersigned. J. C. Jones, Director of Education.

IDEAL career for the intelligent modern young woman. Stenotyping (machine shorthand) is quickly and easily learnt; used increasingly by leading home and overseas organisations for verbatim reporting and higher-grade secretarial work. Interesting and progressive posts with opportunities for work abroad, good remuneration and status. Demand for trained stenotypists now exceeds supply. Write for prospectus of day and evening courses or call for demonstration. Palantype College, 229/231 High Holborn, W.C.1. Telephone: HOLborn 9162.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages and School of English for Foreign Nationals, 63 Oxford St., W.1. Tel. GERrard 8351-2. All foreign languages taught in day and evening classes or private lessons; beginners and all grades. Intensive Daily Classes in English and preparation for Cambridge Univ. Certificate. Short or Long Courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

LATIN, Greek and German for all grades by professional Tutor. Box 9271.

LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—continued

SELF-Education & Adult Studies: 4th External Study Seminar at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon, Sept. 23-25.

ADV. and Ord. Level Courses for London University General Certif. of Education (for Entrance, Faculty requirements, or Direct Entry to Degree), also preparation for B.A., M.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.(Econ.), B.Sc.(Soc.), LL.B. and Diplomas, G.C.E. (all other Examining Bodies). Low fees, instalments. Prosp. from Registrar (70), University Correspondence College, Burlington House, Cambridge.

SECRETARIAL Training Fees. Londoners £28 per annum (under 18 free). North-Western Polytechnic, Prince of Wales Road, N.W.5. GULliver 1154.

GIRLS who wish to perfect their languages with a view to working abroad are recommended to train at St. Godric's College for Secretaries and Linguists, where they will have excellent facilities for studying both languages and secretarial work and for meeting students from all over the world. Intensive Courses for univ. graduates. New Courses August 31 and September 27. Day and residential students. Canteen. Apply J. W. Loveridge, M.A.(Cantab.), St. Godric's College, 2 Arkwright Rd., London, N.W.3.

INTENSIVE individual training in secretarial subjects for graduates and others, 6 months' and 14 weeks' courses begin at frequent intervals. Davies, White Lodge, 2 Addison Road, W.14 (Tel. PARk 8392).

MEDICAL Secretaryships, Institutional Housekeepers, Dietitian-Caterers, Hotel Receptionists, Manageresses, Cert. Bk-kprs., success. Postal courses. Brochures 3d., Sec., Southern Training College, Brighton, 6.

TOUCH-typing and/or Pitman's Shorthand Private tuition. BAYswater 1786.

POSTAL tuition for Gen. Cert. of Educn. (all examining Boards), London B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.Econ., B.Sc.Sociology, LL.B., B.D. Degrees & Diplomas; Law and Professional exams., mod. fees. Prospectus from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH92, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

PITMAN'S Shorthand. Private individual tuition. No classes. Evgs. PAD. 6929.

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